

The Sketch

No. 1186.—Vol. XCII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1915.

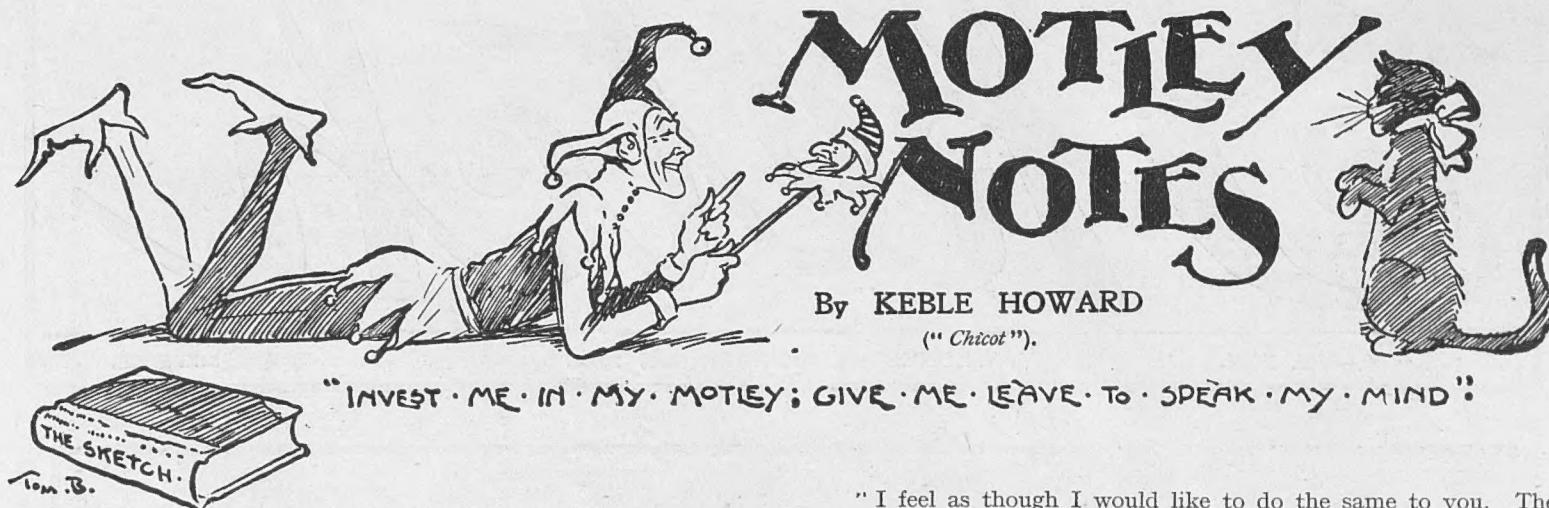
SIXPENCE.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN RICHARD S. WYNDHAM-QUIN TO-DAY (OCTOBER 20TH): MISS HELEN LINDSAY SWIRE.

Miss Helen Lindsay Swire, whose marriage to Captain Richard Southwell Wyndham-Quin was arranged to take place to-day at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Swire, of Hillingdon, Harlow. Captain Richard Southwell Wyndham-Quin is in the 12th Lancers, and has been wounded in the

present war. He is the eldest son of Colonel Windham Henry Wyndham-Quin, C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin of Castletown, Carrick-on-Suir. Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin is a sister of the Earl of Mayo. Colonel Wyndham-Quin won his D.S.O. in South Africa, in 1900.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



A Delightful Letter.

I received, last night, a particularly delightful letter. It is, of course, full of abuse. From a journalistic point of view, the only personal letters worth printing are abusive letters. Flattering letters may please and encourage the recipient (I am always grateful for a friendly letter), but I am sure they bore the third person to desperation.

This is as natural as gossip. What sewing-party would survive the first meeting if there was a stringent rule to the effect that nothing but praise must be spoken of the absent? The idea is ridiculous. To hear other people praised is far from stimulating; on the other hand, to hear of the faults of others makes us think a little better of ourselves. Herein, of course, lie the immortal delights of gossip.

When I receive a friendly letter, therefore, I read it with pride, and lay it up in lavender. But I do not print it, friend the reader, because I know it would bore you. When I receive an abusive letter, on the contrary, I sparkle with joy. I know that it will titillate you.

Now for my letter of last night. A week or two ago, I found a letter in an evening paper from a certain "A. W. W." This gentleman suggested, in the most courteous manner, that rinking on pavements should not be permitted in darkened streets. His letter was so gentle that I ventured to make a little play with it. And my abusive correspondent, bless her, has taken my play in dead earnest!

"Furious Anger." This is the passage that evoked the letter—
 "To me, as a humane person, it seems singularly cruel to endeavour to put a stop to roller-skating on the pavements after sunset. I do not roller-skate myself to any great extent, particularly on the pavements, and after sunset, but there can be no doubt that a large number of young people derive immense pleasure from this pastime. Was it not Mr. Winston Churchill himself who sanctioned roller-skating on the pavements? When you come to think of it, what are the pavements for? Why are they made so smooth? And what are the nice, soft, well-filled waistcoats of old gentlemen for? Roller-skating is a hazardous recreation, and if the old gentlemen stayed at home it would become more hazardous still. You simply *must* have buffers!"

Imagine my delight when I received the following—

"I did not think it possible that I ever could be so furiously angry with you as I have been ever since I read your comments on the letter of 'A. W. W.' writing a well-timed warning about rinking on the pavements and urging pedestrians to keep to the right. I did not think that any Londoner would have had such thoughtfulness as he had, and then for you to sneer at him! Do you realise the extreme danger of rinking on the pavements on these dark nights? It is awful! But you say, 'The pavements are made for rinking'!"

"You have missed a golden opportunity of helping to put down such a detestable practice. Do you realise what the men and the women of the future will be if boys and girls do not ever run and jump and walk fast? Walking sets the whole body in motion; rinking does not.

"Are pedestrians to have no rights at all? Do you realise how selfish the practice is making boys and girls? Do you know how unnerving it is to have someone bump up against you in the dark? That happened to me, but I'm glad to say I collared him and knocked him into the middle of the road.

By KEBLE HOWARD

(*"Chicot"*).

"I feel as though I would like to do the same to you. There are a few subjects which cannot be chaffed about. The dangers of the dark streets are terrific, but you say it is quite right to make the pavement a skating-rink! I feel as if I could not forgive you. If you will kindly let me know where 'A. W. W.'s' letter appeared, I will write and support him."

The Grovel.

The letter appeared in the *Globe*, dear lady. Please do support him. I support him, here and now. It was splendid of you to knock the offender into the middle of the road. You have done the same to me, in effect. I went under a motor-bus, and I am squashed quite flat. In future, when I intend to be sarcastic, the printer will place a huge asterisk at the head of the Note.

Am I forgiven?

"The Soldier's Cigarette."

Several correspondents have taken up my suggestion of writing a set of verses in honour of the soldier's cigarette. Up to the present, Mr. Eric Cooper's are the best I have received. Here they are—

I haven't got no *café lait*;
 I haven't got a spud because
 They dropped the "murphies" on the way
 To see how deep a puddle was.
 They haven't served out bread to-night;
 The rum is all drunk up, and yet
 We ain't down-hearted—fetch a light!
 Alf's bin and found a cigarette.
 And when he's cut it evenly,
 We won't half smoke it—Alf and me.

The stretchers don't seem coming by;
 Alf's bandaging ain't nothing great;
 The bullet keeps me hummin' my
 Adaption of the Hymn of 'Ate.
 Suppose I'll lay on these 'ere bags
 Maybe an hour. Most likely more.
 Has anybody got some fags
 They don't know prop'ly how to draw?
 Ah, that's a treat—Gott strafe the rain!
 It's fine to have a fag again.

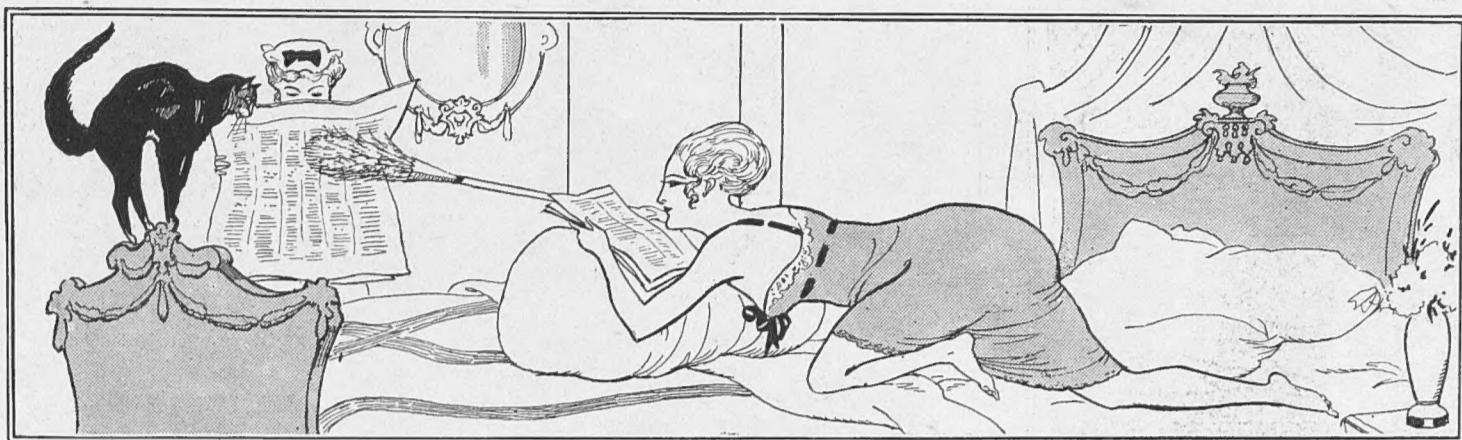
The Lament.

London life will never be the same again." You know, of course, who said that? Don't you recognise the style of our very old friend, "a well-known Society hostess"? "London life," she told "our representative," "will never be the same again." And then she gave an example. The example brings the thing home to you. It shows you that she was not talking lightly. It shows, in a swift, illuminating flash, what the Kaiser has done for poor old London! Listen—

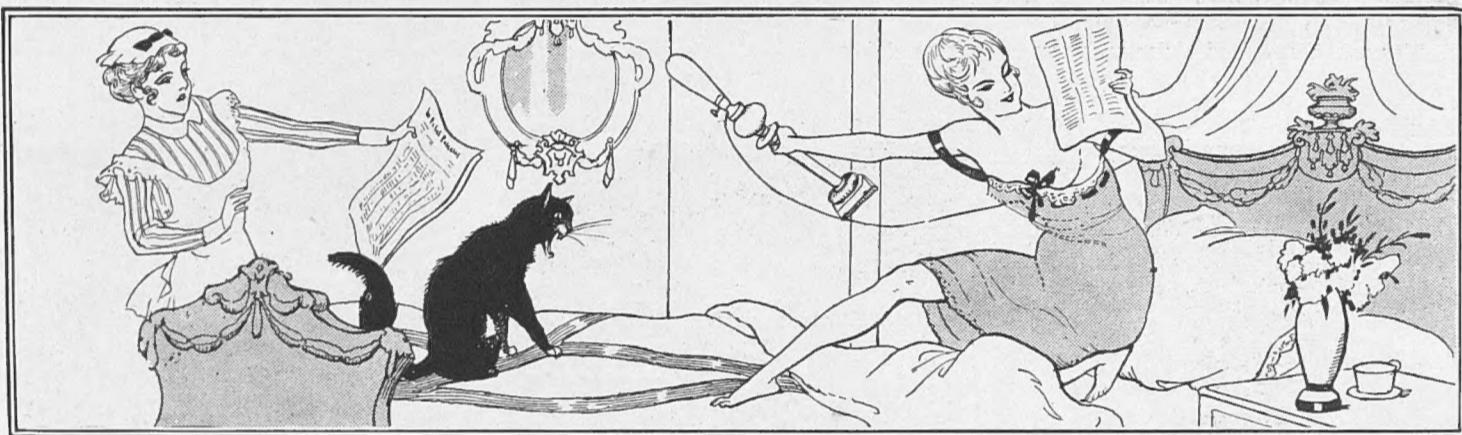
"Just one instance of the change, even in cards, occurs in the substitution of poker for *chemin-de-fer*."

Never again say, friend the reader, that there are still some to whom the war has not come home. Think of the wretched men and women who are doomed to play poker for the rest of their evenings, and your sympathies will broaden.

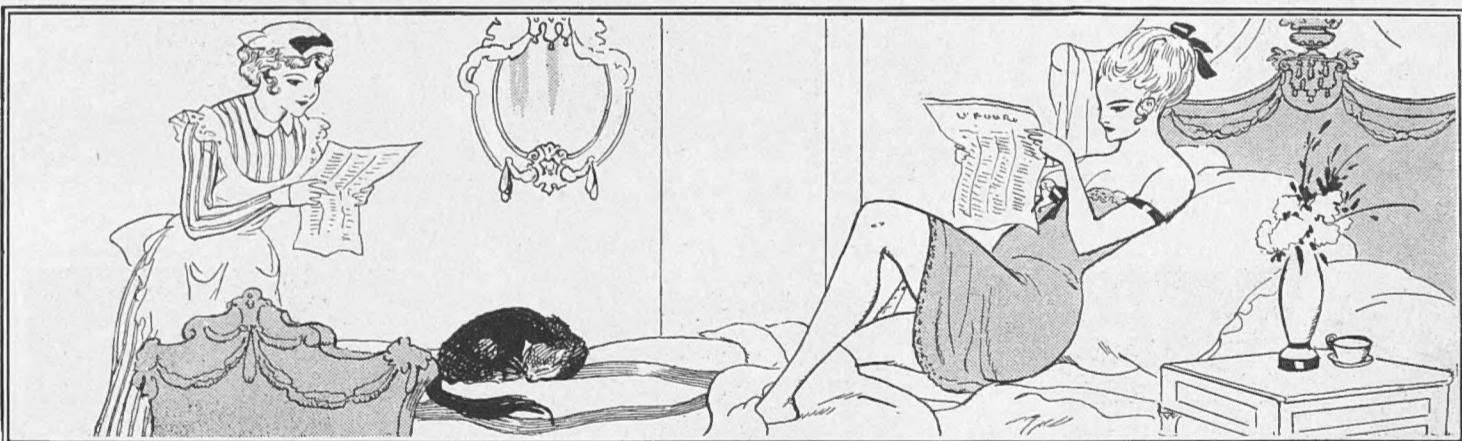
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE SEASONS OF 1915.



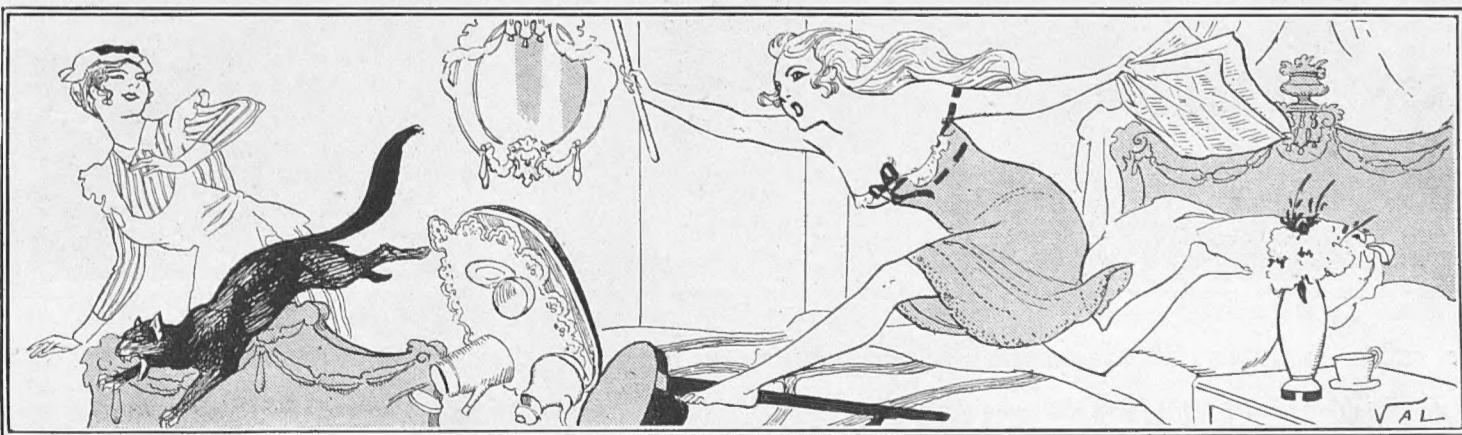
WINTER: AWAITING THE ENEMY ATTACK IN THE YSER TRENCHES.



SPRING: SIGNS OF OFFENSIVE ACTION.

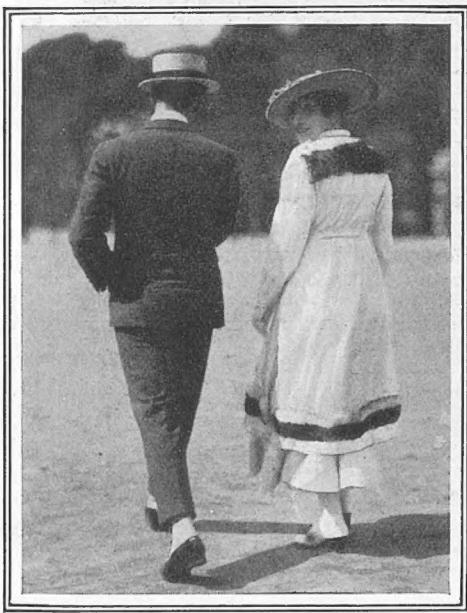
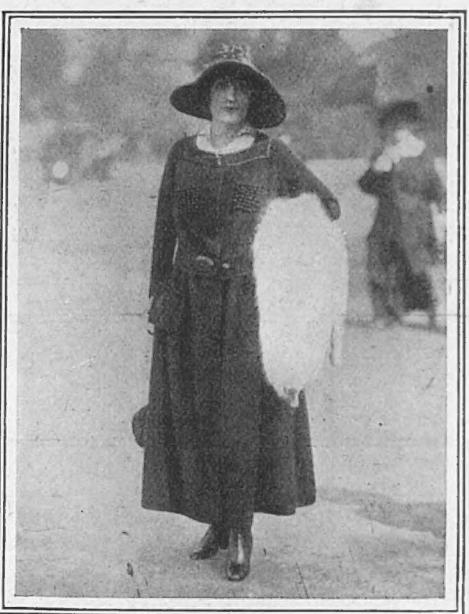


SUMMER: THE ARMY AWAITING THE CHANCE TO STRIKE.



AUTUMN: THE GRAND OFFENSIVE.

NOT GOING TO THE SAME LENGTHS AS ENGLAND!



THE SHORT SKIRT AS FRANCE KNOWS IT—NOT THE MORE-THAN-ANKLE-SHOWING “KILT” OF THIS COUNTRY.

These photographs show very well that the ladies of France, although they are wearing shorter and wider skirts, are not wearing skirts as short or as wide as those adopted by many Englishwomen. The “kilt” skirt worn frequently here is not seen in Paris. Our readers must judge which is the better fashion.

A "MOON-SLICE"; AND A BARONET'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.



PLAYING MARSINAH IN "KISMET" ON TOUR: MISS LILIAN BIRTLES, WIFE OF MR. GERARD A. MAXWELL-WILLSHIRE.

The gods have been good to the clever and charming lady who is playing on tour Miss Lily Brayton's part in "Kismet." It is no light undertaking to tread in the footsteps of Miss Brayton, but Miss Lilian Birtles is the happy possessor of a charming voice and distinct dramatic talent, and has had the advantage of being with Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche for a considerable time. In private life, Miss Birtles

is Mrs. Gerard Arthur Maxwell-Willshire, wife of the only son of Sir Arthur Reginald Maxwell-Willshire, second Baronet, and she is the daughter of Mr. Henry Birtles, Deputy Controller of Stamps, Somerset House. Marsinah, the heroine in "Kismet," is described in that play as a "Slice of the Moon," and is, of course, a fascinating character to whom Miss Birtles does full justice—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



THE STORY OF BELGRADE : THE BALKAN FOX AND THE GERMAN GRAPES : CARRANZA'S LUCK.

Belgrade. There is at the foot of the cliff on which the fortress of Belgrade stands a sally-port and steps which are known as Prince Eugene's Steps, for Prince Eugene of Savoy was one of the great Generals who stormed Belgrade, who afterwards improved its fortifications and held it for many years for Austria. The Austrian flags are flying now alongside those of Germany on the new palace that King Peter built when he came to the throne, but the fortress of Belgrade nowadays has no military importance except that it is a hill commanding the crossings of the Save and the Danube. The Serbians, in face of the present invasion, evacuated the town to secure it from the bombardment of the heavy guns of the Austrians and Germans. The real fighting in Serbia is not likely to take place on the flat ground near the Danube, but amidst the sea of mountains in the interior of the country.

A Railway in a Chasm.

I have made the journey through Serbia more than once on the line which runs like a backbone through the country, and I can certify that the Khyber Pass and the great gorges of Algeria cannot compare in difficulties with the long chasm in Serbia through which a mountain river tears its way, the course of which is followed, roughly, by the railway to Nish. Of the other roads in this mountainous country I know nothing; but if they run through country nearly as difficult as that traversed by the railway, they must bristle with positions in which a brigade can delay an army corps for an indefinite time. In these gorges more than one victorious host has been checked, and the Bulgarians remember very well that it was here that the Serbians made their great stand against them in that war of which Mr. Bernard Shaw has made fun in the play "Arms and the Man," the plot of which was taken by the librettist of "The Chocolate Soldier" as the subject for a comic-opera book.

The Conquerors of Belgrade.

Few fortresses have changed hands more often than Belgrade has since the days when the Romans captured it from the Celts, quartered the Fourth Legion there, and built a Roman *castrum* on the bluff. No doubt the Kaiser remembers that the Huns were amongst its earliest conquerors, and the Goths also did their share in the destruction of the Roman town. Justinian re-captured the town and fortress, and once more the city grew beautiful under the Roman rule. The Franks of Charlemagne held the fortress for a time, and in succession to them came the Bulgarians. History may repeat itself, for in the eleventh century the Greek Basil II. recovered the town from the Bulgarians. The Hungarians, the

Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Turks were masters of Belgrade in succession, until at last the Serbians thought that they should be masters in their own house, and held it during the fourteenth century. A Serbian Prince, fearing that his country was not strong enough to fight the Turks, ceded Belgrade to the Hungarians, who beat off the Turks in several sieges until Sultan Suleiman himself besieged the city and captured it. Prince Eugene came on the scene in 1717, and Turks and Austrians alternated as its masters for nearly a century. Prince Michael of Serbia was the liberator of the town, for he in 1866 obtained its cession from the Turkish garrison, though he did not reign long in his capital, for he was assassinated two years later in the forest near the city.

A Cynical Farewell.

Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria expressed a wish to see the British and the French Ministers before they left Sofia, and there was something cynically humorous in the reason he gave them for espousing the cause of the Central nations. Having French blood in his veins—for he is a descendant of the Bourbon Kings—it grieved him, so he said, that he felt bound to assist in defeating the French; but he declared that this was his only course, for he felt quite sure that Germany was going to win. Tsar

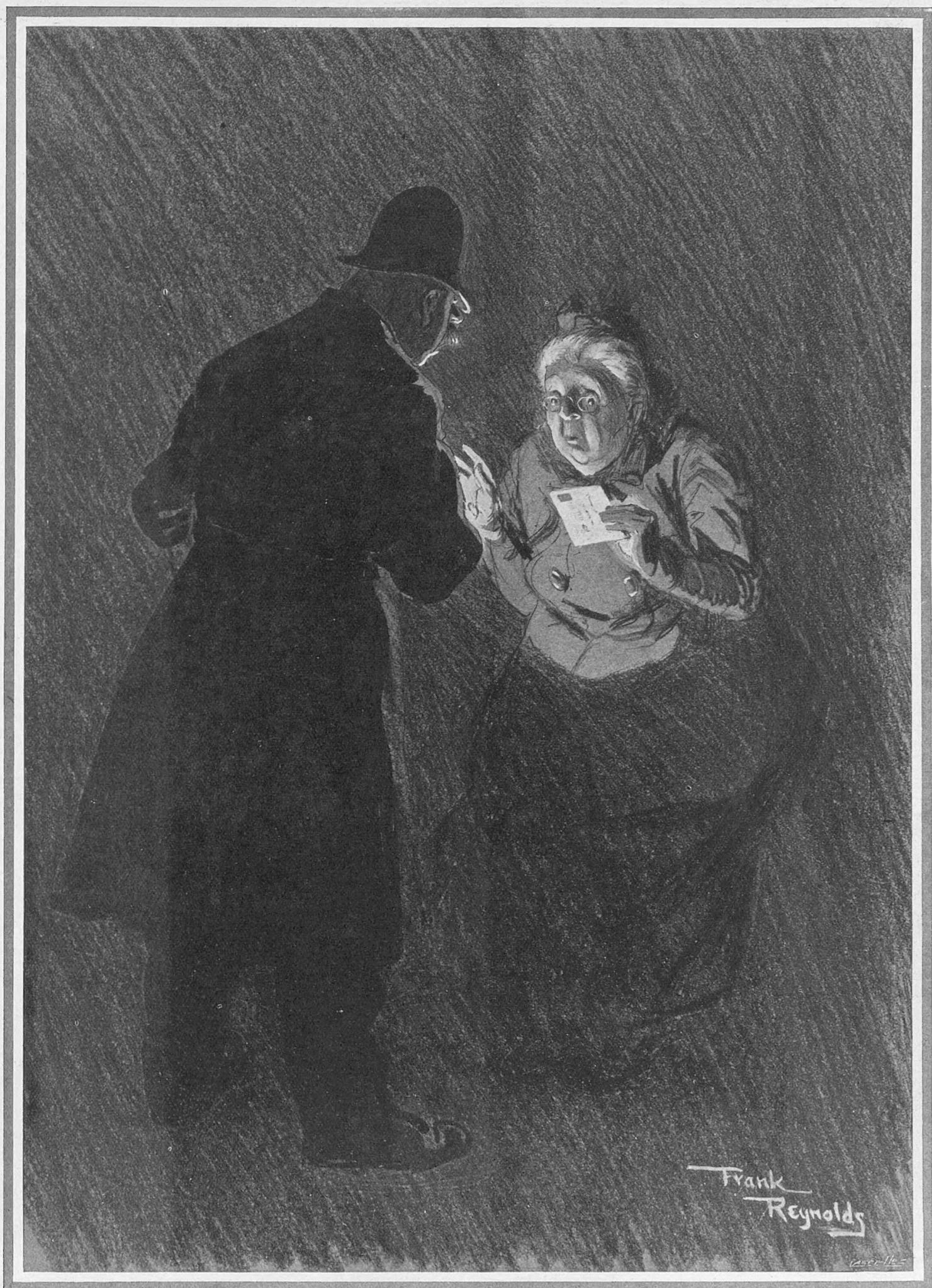


"SISTER SUSIES" OF THE EMPIRE: ARTISTES OF THE FAMOUS MUSIC-HALL KNITTING FOR THE SOLDIERS.
The artistes of the Empire meet every Tuesday to work for the soldiers, and are asking that wool and other materials be sent to them.
The dancers here shown are in practice dress.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

Ferdinand has miscalculated before, as his subjects very well remember; but what probably the old fox of the Balkans has thought out is that, if he joins the German cause and the German cause is defeated, he is not as likely to suffer for it as if he joined the Allies' cause and the Allies were defeated. Germany's bribe of other people's goods has also been far larger than anything the Allies were prepared to offer him, and, reflecting that, whichever side wins, Bulgaria is not likely to lose much, he has gambled for the biggest stake. His caution to France to be prudent showed him in one of his comedy moments, but the French Minister's reply was hardly worthy of the reputation of the French for wit.

Carranza Again. We are so engrossed in our own great war that no Englishman cares, and very few know, how the various revolutions in Mexico are running their course. A telegram of three lines from Washington, saying that President Wilson is prepared to recognise the Carranza Government, brings back memories of the days when a large portion of the telegrams in big print gave news of Carranza's and Villa's revolt against Huerta, and of their advance upon the capital of Mexico. Whether Villa and Huerta are still alive nobody cares and few people know, but Carranza is evidently just now at the top of his luck.

IN DARKEST LONDON.



ALARMING EXPERIENCE OF A DEAR OLD LADY WHO TRIED TO POST A LETTER IN A POLICEMAN.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

SMALL TALK

THE Althorp books went long ago; and now one of the most beautiful of all Rembrandts must be numbered among the economies of war—from Earl Spencer's point of view. Necessarily, somebody else has been correspondingly extravagant, but not, we suppose, on the close side of the Atlantic. The book-sale was an old wrench that had nothing to do with war-time self-denials, and the Althorp library is now only a place of by-gone memories. It was there that Gibbon "exhausted a whole morning in the company of the noble owner among the first editions of Cicero"—and probably exhausted the noble owner into the bargain. It need not be supposed that Earl Spencer is heart-broken about his Rembrandt. He looks so unlike a rugged Old Master, and deals with life in a manner so much more fastidious and prim than was the way of the broad-brushing Dutchman, that it is almost a relief to know that he and the untidy paint-work are dissociated once and for all.

Parcels and the Earl.

The business of selling, however, is never agreeable to such a man as Lord Spencer. When, in making his only famous speech, he declared he was not an agricultural labourer, the House was overjoyed. The delicate physique, the refined voice, the wonderful collar, made the repudiation of any irksome connection with the soil peculiarly pleasing. "I once plucked a rose," he might have continued, "but finding the operation to be one of some danger to the fingers, I have not repeated it." Were he to say that he is not in any sense a dealer he would say something equally obvious. But the war makes the change. Earl Spencer

has learned to ask a good price for a picture, and to carry his own parcels when he goes shopping—or, at least to make an offer, of which Bond

Cavalry and Cupid.
bridegroom's complete

The marriage this week of Captain Wyndham Quin and Miss Helen Swire marks the recovery from wounds received in what he has described as the only genuine English cavalry charge of the war. Now he must modify that claim. Though we are still anxiously awaiting Sir John French's full despatch, it is no secret that cavalry was used, and used legitimately, in the recent advance in France. Neither the bride's mother nor Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin has prepared a formal list of invitations for the wedding, but friends, out of pure friendliness, are sure to turn up in numbers at St. Margaret's on the 20th.

Lord Ninian :
R.I.P.

If St. Paul's was filled with Catholics for the Capper memorial service, a little Roman Church in Marylebone may truly be described as crowded to overflowing by the non-Catholic friends of Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, when a Requiem Mass was offered for him last week. Lord Ninian was worldly as well as otherworldly: he thought almost as much about his waistcoats as about his prayer-books, and his friends were of all faiths. Among those present were Sir Francis Montefiore, the Duchess of Somerset, and Lady Gainsborough.

Cronies Re-United. Very agreeable to two old comrades in arms is the engagement of Rupert Carington and Sybil Colville. Colonel the Hon. Rupert Carington and Viscount Colville, the fathers—the lady is only eighteen—were both in the



ENGAGED TO MR. REGINALD TRELAWEY THORNTON,
MISS BARBARA TATE.

Miss Barbara Tate is the daughter of the late Captain H. Pennell Tate, Royal Marines, and Mrs. Tate, Sloane Court, S.W., and grand-daughter of the late Sir Bernhard Samuelson, F.R.S. Mr. Reginald Thornton, formerly of Blairlomond, Udepusselliwi, Ceylon, is the second son of the late Canon and Mrs. A. V. Thornton, and is attached to the 40th Pathans.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

of the young couple—Grenadier Guards, and both served in Zululand. They started life with the mutual rivalry and disdain that Eton feels for Harrow, and



A WINNER OF THE VICTORIA CROSS: MIDSHIPMAN W. ST. AUBYN MALLESON, R.N., V.C.

In Admiral de Robeck's despatch from the Dardanelles, he wrote of "heroic labours." Among these was the act which won the Victoria Cross for Midshipman W. St. A. Malleson, who assisted Commander Unwin, by swimming with a line from lighter to lighter. "The line subsequently broke, and he made two further but unsuccessful attempts at his self-imposed task."



THE MOTHER OF A HERO
OF THE VICTORIA CROSS:
MRS. MALLESON.

Mrs. Malleson is the mother of Midshipman W. St. Aubyn Malleson, R.N., who won the V.C. at the Dardanelles for swimming with a line from lighter to lighter with great persistence and heroic courage.

Photograph by Speaight.

ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT STAMFORD C. RAFFLES: MISS EDITH MARGARET NEEDHAM.

Miss Needham is the elder daughter of Captain R. B. Needham, R.N., and Mrs. Needham, of Drayton Gardens, S.W. Lieutenant Raffles is the elder son of the Rev. T. Stamford and Mrs. Raffles, of Lexden Rectory, Colchester.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE SOLDIER-SON OF CLEVER PLAYERS:

MR. J. SEAFORTH MARTIN HARVEY.

Mr. J. S. Martin Harvey, who is in the Royal Army Medical Corps, is the son of the clever actor, Mr. Martin Harvey, and of Mrs. Martin Harvey, who is well known as a popular actress under her maiden name of Miss N. de Silva. Mr. J. Seaforth Martin Harvey is most assiduous in the discharge of the duties to which he has devoted himself.

Photograph by A. Corbett.

Street never avails itself. The wise tradesman does not care to upset the natural order and mar the elegance of a true-blue Earl.

vice-versâ, but since then their lines have run together. Rupert Carington junior holds a commission in the 5th Dragoon Guards.

"A BACCHANALIAN REVEL"—NON-ALCOHOLIC!



FROLICS OF THE FOUR HUNDRED: WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LIME AND THE GRAPES ARE FREE.

As the subject of supper clubs has been so much discussed of late, we felt we ought to touch upon the subject, so we instructed our Artist to visit the Four Hundred Club and caricature the scene. Some of its circulars recently published in the "Times," we may recall, included the following alluring statements: "At the request of many members, the committee have decided to hold an Apache Night. The characteristic parts of the costume will be provided free to all who attend. The Club will be entirely transformed into a cellar, with limelight effects, and the

Committee intend to spare neither trouble nor expense to render the occasion the most elaborate and enjoyable of any hitherto attempted by them or any other club. Parisian artistes will give *Apache Songs and Dances*." Another circular announcing a "Bacchanalian Revel" (here illustrated) said: "The Club will be transformed into an Italian vineyard, and the decorations will include an unlimited supply of delicious grapes, which will be free to members and their guests. Italian folk-songs will be given by special artistes."



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

THE Lina Waterfield who dates a letter to the *Times* from Poggio Gheraldo, Florence, is known by sight (but anonymously) to everybody. She sat to Charles Furse for the young woman in the familiar and romantic "Return from the Ride"; and the young man in the same picture is a portrait of her husband. Before her marriage she was Lina Duff Gordon, and is a person beautiful enough to grace the gracefulest creations of Lucile.

Poggio Gheraldo. But Mrs. Waterfield belongs by right to such places as Poggio Gheraldo rather than to Hanover Square and the dressmakers, even when they are in the family. Poggio Gheraldo, with its gardens, nightingales, and adjacent fields of irises, is the property of her friend, Mrs. Janet Ross. These ladies do justice to their surroundings. Mrs. Ross is Italian in many things; but not in the slaying of small birds. She whistles to the nightingales, and gets answer, instead of shooting them for her *chef*. Though her kitchen (for which she specially wrote the Italian cookery-books now published in England) is famous for ravioli and kindred dishes, the song-birds never figure on her menu. They are her musicians, and perform for her guests when coffee is taken by Florentine starlight.

Pêches à la Melba.

A thousand and one London nights are recalled by the after-concert feastings of Melba, reported from San Francisco. Here, even here, we used to have our supper-parties! And certain Londoners remember, in particular, the excellence of the entertainment offered the great singer during Covent Garden seasons of the past by Mr. Dick Tobin, of California. Melba is once more Mr. Tobin's guest—but this time in the capital city of the land of peaches.

The Flier's Bag. The other day, at a Hampshire shooting-party, an aeroplane appeared over the luncheon-ground, looped the loop three times, and descended within table-talking distance of the assembled guests. The pilot alighted, shot five brace of birds, and departed again with his machine. It was all most neatly and steadily done, including the shooting, and helped to entertain the convalescent officers who made the bulk of the party. Mrs. Asquith was not there, and so missed the opportunity of claiming the young man from the skies as the first flying member of the Tennant family.

Music Again! Quite a flutter of musicians and pretty women attended the Aeolian Hall for the first of Mark Hambourg's four afternoons of piano music. The programme was largely Elizabethan, and the crowd entirely British. Mrs. Mark Hambourg's cousin, Mrs. McKenna, is devoted to the old masters of English composition, and other members of the Smith Square colony were in attendance. Hitherto Mark Hambourg's programmes have been of the louder, bigger, and more

Beethovenesque calibre; now he ranges himself with the smaller, sweeter voices of Byrde and Gibbons and Purcell. Personally, Mr. Hambourg, despite his very pronounced coiffure, is allied with the Grahams and McKennas and Maclarens; and his professional naturalisation follows quite naturally. But the hair remains.

Borrowings from Sir Ian. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who one day is messenging with Sir Ian in the Dardanelles, and another—

though not quite the next—lunching at the Carlton, has many things to tell that, for various reasons, did not find their way into his despatches. And, always, Sir Ian is the dominating figure in his tales. Like Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who is on duty again after his illness, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett is full of the advantage of working under a General who is also a man of letters. The good feeling existing between the Commander and the literary gentlemen attached to his Staff was curiously demonstrated in the newspapers the other day. One of the eminent correspondents, who was no doubt temporarily stumped for material, and at a loss for actual news to fill his allotted or anticipated space, digressed on the relative advantages and disadvantages of soldiering and sailoring. It was an interesting digression, and well done, and was obviously authoritative and well-informed.

Another War Wedding. Miss Ivy Vereker—the two V's, no longer hers, sound very prettily—married Captain Gatacre last week at the Church of the Holy

Trinity in Sloane Street. She and the Captain, who is a Gatacre of Gatacre, Shropshire, obtained a special license, and summoned their relatives almost on the eve of a threatened call to the front. It was a case of "the war permitting"; the war did permit, but with a squeeze. After the ceremony, the family party was held at the Cadogan Gardens home of Viscountess Gort, cousin of the bride.

The Ring Question.

The queerest of queries is fluttering the dove-cotes of the hierarchy. When the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Birmingham said good-bye to each other in France, the English ecclesiastic stooped and kissed the Frenchman's ring. The ring was there for the purpose of being kissed. In courtesy, the Frenchman returned the compliment. He bowed over Dr. Russell Wakefield's hand, and his lips touched the gold band encircling his confrère's finger. It was rather unusual, because no official ring, according to the usage of the English Church, was bound to be there. This fact, however, did not detract in any way from the grace and courtesy of the action.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN JOHN ROYDEN ROOPER:
MISS IRIS CALTHROP.

Miss Calthrop is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everard Calthrop, of Goldings, Loughton, Essex. Captain Rooper is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Rooper, of Gresford, Denbighshire, and is in the Denbighshire Hussars Yeomanry.

Photograph by Thomson.



TO MARRY DR. ERIC MARSHALL: MISS ELSPEETH DOUGLAS-REID.

Miss Douglas-Reid is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Douglas-Reid, of Henley Hall, Ipswich. Dr. Eric Marshall accompanied S. Ernest Shackleton on his Expedition Farthest South, and is now serving in France with the Rifle Brigade.—[Photograph by Hoppe.]

encircling his confrère's finger. It was rather unusual, because no official ring, according to the usage of the English Church, was bound to be there. This fact, however, did not detract in any way from the grace and courtesy of the action.

VERSATILE WOMAN: ACTRESS; MANAGER; AUTHOR.



WITH HAIR DONE IN THE STRAIGHT EARLY VICTORIAN STYLE—
PLUS "KISS" CURLS: MISS MODESTA DALY.



STAGE-MANAGING FOR MISS LENA ASHWELL IN THE NEW
PRODUCTION AT THE KINGSWAY: MISS MURIEL PRATT.



EDITOR OF VARIOUS RACY REMINISCENCES; NOW
AUTHOR OF HER OWN: MRS. FFoulkes.



ONE OF THE "JOLIES FEMMES" OF THE GARRICK
REVUE: MISS YVONNE GRANVILLE.



The war has given woman a chance of exercising her versatile talents in various new directions. For example, in the new production under Miss Lena Ashwell's management at the Kingsway, "Iris Intervenes," it was arranged that no man eligible for active service should be employed. The duties of stage-manager have been undertaken by Miss Muriel Pratt. Women have also been engaged to do the lighter part of the scene-shifting and to operate the limelight.—Woman's versatility as an author has long been evident. One of the most piquant new books by a feminine hand is "My

Own Past," by Maude M. C. ffoulkes. It will be recalled that Mrs. ffoulkes was editor of Lady Cardigan's "Recollections" and of Lord Rossmore's "Things I Could Tell." She also collaborated with Marie Larisch in her "Memoirs of the Habsburg Family."—On the stage the versatility of woman is practically unlimited. Here we give two charming examples—Miss Modesta Daly, who is the Jane in "Betty," at Daly's, and Miss Yvonne Granville, whose performances have been one of the chief attractions of the Garrick revue—"Y'a d'Jolies Femmes."



LORD AND LADY D'ABERNON.

TO Lord D'Abernon fell the delicate task of receiving a private deputation from the trade affected by the "no treating" order. His visitors represented the wholesale and retail interests, and gave expression, among other things, to the difficulties likely to arise from the Board of Control's shyness in defining the word "meal." "This is our view," concluded the spokesman; "what's yours?" The reply, in effect, was that Lord D'Abernon's was "half-and-half"; he is a master in the art of conciliation, and the deputation made its farewells feeling that it had dealt with a man of liberality and tolerance. The order, in its very nature, is open to the suspicion of being something of an interference with the private concerns of the private citizen; and a narrow-minded Chief of the Board of Control would have made the Board's decrees ridiculous as well as intolerable and unpractical. But if a definition, here and there, is left rather vague, it is because Lord D'Abernon believes in the good faith of the public and its houses. A little elasticity leaves something to the co-operation of the trade, and without co-operation evasion of the order would have been the only order of the day to take real effect.

What's Yours: Lord D'Abernon is a master of languages, and language. He could probably translate "What's yours?" into a greater number of strange tongues than any other man in London. He can fit the phrase to the ancient vintages of Cyprus, to the sweet wines of Roumelia, to the national drink of the Flemish brave, and to numberless local juices that are as distinct as the dialects of Central Europe. Constantinople lives on the wines of the Rhine; Lord D'Abernon, if he wants to, can instruct the most Germanic Turk as to their proper pronunciation. His "Grammar of Modern Greek" is used by the University of Athens; he has more than a little Dutch at his command; and if it is argued that "What's yours?" is a dead phrase, he can find its equivalent in the dead languages.

D'Abernon Chase. He knows, besides, the slang of Eton, of the Coldstream Guards, and of Finance. As President of the Ottoman Public Debt Committee and Governor of the Imperial Bank in Constantinople, and as Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, he got his fill of figures. Horses, yachts, golf, pictures, and Esher Place have been his distractions. He is, in other words, Sir Edgar Vincent, who took on the disguise of a title at the time of the last Birthday Honours. D'Abernon is the name of the family seat in Surrey, whither it removed in the sixteenth century, in time to receive Queen Elizabeth at a house-warming.

The Duncombe Girls. Lady D'Abernon, it follows, is the Lady Helen Vincent of our unalterable admiration. Her name suffers a change that seems to be defied by her looks. Whether she is roller-skating or Red Cross nursing (she entered Guy's early in the war to learn the business of bandaging), her carriage is Greek in its perfection. In her teens, we are told, she and her sisters were schooled to walk with weights on their heads, so that they should hold themselves no less uprightly than

LORD D'ABERNON,
K.C.M.G.

LADY D'ABERNON.

Lord D'Abernon, first Baron and seventh son of Sir Frederick Vincent, eleventh Baronet, comes of a very old family, the Vincents having been seated in Northamptonshire for three hundred years, when in the sixteenth century it removed to Stoke d'Abernon, in Surrey, on the marriage of Thomas Vincent with Jane Lyfield, grand-daughter of the second Baron Brayre. Sir Frederick Vincent, father of Lord D'Abernon, was Prebendary of Chichester. Baron D'Abernon has held a number of important positions in the world of Imperial finance. He married, in 1890, Lady Helen Venetia Duncombe, the eldest of the three beautiful daughters of the first Earl of Feversham. Lady D'Abernon's sisters are Lady Cynthia Graham, wife of Sir Richard James Graham of Netherby, and Lady Ulrica Baring, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Everard Baring, C.V.O., a brother of Lord Revelstoke.—[Photographs by Arbuthnot and Yevonde.]

sures. Lady D'Abernon, like her beautiful and clever sisters, is a great lover of literature; like her husband, she is devoted to racing and travel. In a word, the marriage has proved ideal.

the water-carriers of the Nile: from unbending discipline they passed to the recreations that gave them the freer movement of Phidias'-models. From their christening good looks were demanded of them: Hermione, Cynthia, Helen were names that took distinction for granted. And though Cynthia was provided with an auxiliary, it was obvious, from her girlhood, that she was a Cynthia rather than a Mabel. The Duchess of Leinster, the eldest of the four Duncombe girls, died young; the other three live, but without growing old.

Graham-cum-Graham.

Lady Cynthia married her cousin, Sir Richard Graham, and so went home to Netherby—the Cumberland cradle of a great race. It was at Netherby, long ago, that an unwilling bride crossed the threshold, in the arms of Young Lochinvar; but more important to the present generation of sportsmen is the wonderful duck-shooting, said to be the best in the kingdom. Sir Richard and Lady Cynthia have both been to France during the war, in quest of a wounded son. By her marriage with Sir Richard, Lady Cynthia and her sisters

are doubly related to the Margaret Graham who became Countess of Verulam and to the Violet Graham who married the fifth Duke of Montrose. Two other Duchesses are in the family, and it would be a long task to name in full the contributions, always ornamental, made by the Grahams to the Peerage of the United Kingdom.

Diana's sister is Brow.

Lady

Ulrica, wife of the Hon. Everard Baring. She, the youngest, was the last of the four to marry; and only a few years ago George Meredith was lending her the wisdom he had been wont to lavish on the heroines of his novels. The care with which he had conducted them through their loves and courtships he was eager to expend on a real young person as beautiful and difficult and clever as any of them.

"My lady has Diana's brow," he wrote of her; initiated her into the Goethe cult; and put her portrait, by the Duchess of Rutland, on the mantelpiece of his hermitage at Boxhill.

Diana's brow, we believe, was not seldom puzzled and pucker'd by the Sage's crabbed calligraphy and elusive epigrams; but his letters, nevertheless, are counted among her chiefest treasures.

Lady D'Abernon, like her beautiful and clever sisters, is a great lover of literature; like her husband, she is devoted to racing and travel. In a word, the marriage has proved ideal.

WITH "RUSSIAN" ATTENDANTS: A PEERAGE WEDDING.



THE BRIDEGROOM'S FATHER: LORD COWDRAY ARRIVING FOR THE RECEPTION.



FRIENDS OF THE FAMILIES: LORD AND LADY MURRAY ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH.



A COMPLIMENT TO RUSSIA : ATTENDANTS ON THE BRIDE.



THE BRIDE ARRIVING: THE HON. ALICIA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.



AN AUNT OF THE BRIDEGROOM: LADY DENMAN.

Although, for the inevitable reason, the wedding of Captain the Hon. Clive Pearson, Sussex Yeomanry, second son of Lord and Lady Cowdray, to the Hon. Alicia Knatchbull-Hugessen, daughter of the first Lord Brabourne, was "quiet," Christ Church, Down Street, Mayfair, attracted many well-known people, a few of whom went on after the ceremony to 19, Curzon Street, which had been lent by the Dowager Lady Brabourne

for the reception of a few near relatives and intimate friends. The bride looked charming in white charmeuse, and was given away by her brother, Lord Brabourne. Three little girls and a boy were her attendants, and were in Russian dress, as seen in our photograph of Miss Angelina and Master John Pearson, the Cossack suggestion (in the case of the boy), and droshky driver suggestion (in the case of the girl) being significantly topical.



A WORLD-WIDE COMRADESHIP: "ANKLE TEAS" AND THE NO-TREATING ACT.

By MARTHE TROY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*)

SOLDIERS, and Sailors too *si vous voulez*; in fact, I think "Phrynette to Fighting Friends" (whether in the Senior or Junior Service) would be more accurate as well as more alliterative. I have just received a letter "censored in ship," apologising for "butting" in. But, butt in, amiable reader, butt in, if it amuses you. Your letter certainly did amuse me; and your verses, poet of the prow—your verses!

Evidently a good ship, however good, cannot replace Pegasus!

I haven't got no gee-gee
With a coat all glossy black,
Nor I ain't a military gent
With khaki on my back.

And yet the Censor passed them!

I am glad you were interested in my Japanese dinner, but you seem to know so much more about it than I do! Why did you translate that fascinating, mysterious menu? I like to puzzle out things. No, I don't know where the woman is who does not like *marrons glacés*, but I do know she is not in my shoes, anyway!

Many thanks to J. H. (it is a J., isn't it?) for the curious photograph of so many martial men of so many different parts of the world. I am learning geography—Canada, Argentine, New South Wales, South Africa, Chicago, New Zealand, Chile, South Australia, Vancouver, Valparaiso, mixed up with Cockneys and men from the English country. I can't make out all the names of the places.

Yes, it does give an idea of the cosmopolitan character of your regiment, it is really wonderful, you know, this world-wide comradeship, that call that has echoed to the confines of the Cosmo. It's only a photograph, and not a particularly clear one at that, but it is in truth an emblem of the big British brotherhood. Thank you for having shown it to me.

I have received your letter, "lonely man on the desolate Hill." I am glad you are no longer "afraid" of me. The idea will amuse me for quite a long time that you wrote to me before and had not the "nerve" to post your letter! It would have been a pity if you never had gathered the courage to drop an envelope in a letter-box, O soldier brave! for yours are among the most human letters I receive; they ally the sublime and the frivolous in such a boyish manner—

"The tents leak, and drinks have gone up. However, there is one priceless combination which hasn't been entirely washed away, and that is a pipe and the Letters of Phrynette—but it only lasts five minutes!"

Well, your letter only took two minutes to read, but it bucked me up tremendously—though you did put your pipe in a place of precedence, you know: is it quite polite, I ask you? As for the

drinks; perhaps you can comfort yourself with the thought that drinking is out of fashion, and during your hours of solitude, while you are smoking your calumet of war, you can, perhaps, ponder over the problem of the new no-treating knot! And when, despite your thirst for knowledge, you have given it up in despond, go to "Bric-à-Brac" during your next leave, and hear the perfect pessimist, Nelson Keys, the sullen sentry singing his sorrowful song; it will cheer you immensely.

Another correspondent, with the worthy idea of enlivening London a little, suggests "Ankle Teas." Will he please explain his plan? There are already quite a lot of dancing teas in town, and with whirling and the width and the shortness of your skirts, there is plenty of ankles, too! So much so, in fact, that I am not sure the display is not an infringement of the no-treating law.

I am glad you liked Mr. Grant Richards' "Bitter-Sweet" so much. I am sending you two other books which I think will interest you vastly. Both are pre-war stories. One is "Love on Smoky River," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts. It is a tale of adventure—travel, love, and fighting. Quite a man's book. It has space, snow, clean, keen fresh air, and a set of two lovable young people who in the end manage to fatigue Fate, conquer circumstances, and grab one another—and the world well lost: lucky beggars! But though they do succeed in catching happiness, it does not at all read impossible in the book.

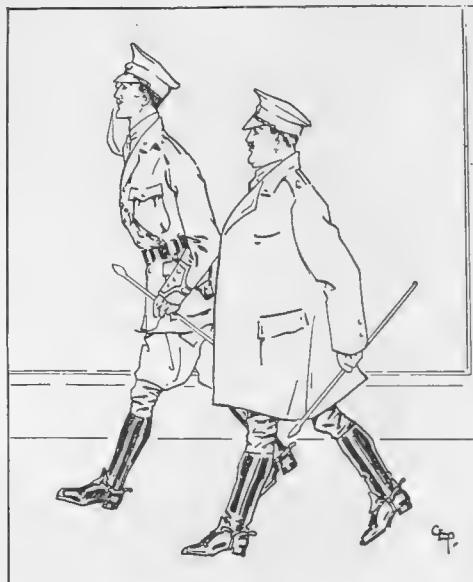
The other romance is "Dust of the Road," by Miss Marjorie Patterson, such a clever little lady. It is about acting and actors—those Peter Pans of the Profession. Read it, and then tell me whether you think she writes as well as she acts, or vice-versa? I have not been able to decide myself: she does both so charmingly.

No, Gentlemen, you need not thank me. I like writing to you, soldiers or sailors, yes, very much indeed. I only hope my letters may be as much fun to you as yours are to me. But there is something you can do for me, perhaps. Many of you, especially among the theatre-goers, must have been grieved to hear the news about Harold Chapin, actor, author, and

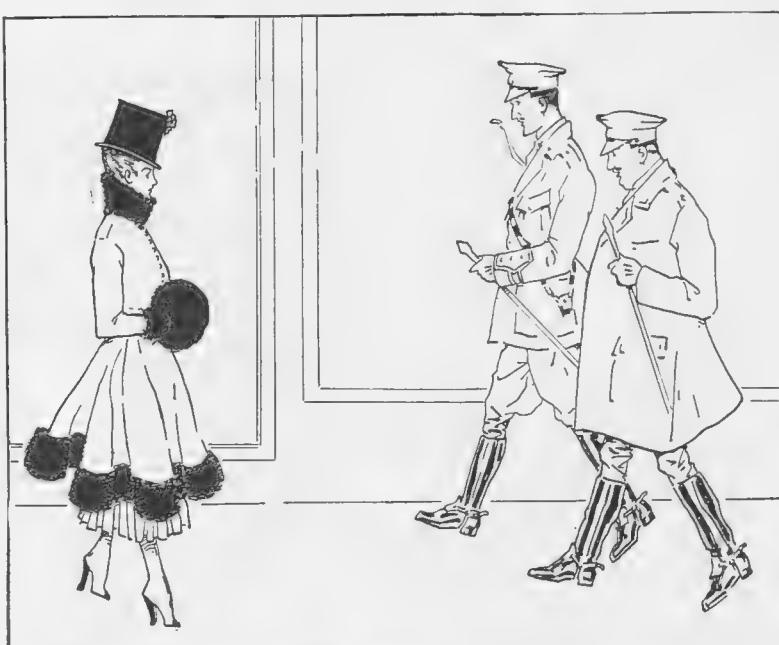
philosopher, who gave his life in trying to save his officer.

He had great courage; some years ago he re-entered a burning house to look for his little dog, and rescued it, himself escaping very narrowly. Yes, he had courage and genius and beauty and youth—the gods loved him!

I knew him. If any one of you was a particular chum of his over there at the Front, will he write to me?



SCENE I.



SCENE II.

SCENE I.—THE MAJOR (after several months' absence from town): Extraordinary difference the war's made; one never sees a top-hat now!"

SCENE II.—Enter the apparition!

DRAWN BY C. E. PETO.

CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ: RE-OPENING THE LAW COURTS.



HIS FIRST OPEN-AIR APPEARANCE AS SOLICITOR-GENERAL :
LIEUT.-COL. SIR F. E. SMITH, K.C., ARRIVING AT THE ABBEY.



THE SENIOR JUDGES OF THE KING'S BENCH: MR. JUSTICE
DARLING (LEFT) AND MR. JUSTICE RIDLEY.



MAKING HIS DÉBUT IN PUBLIC AS KEEPER OF THE KING'S CONSCIENCE: LORD BUCKMASTER,
THE LORD CHANCELLOR ENTERING THE LAW COURTS.

The opening of the Law Courts took place this year shorn of one of its customary features, the breakfast given by the Lord Chancellor to the Judges and leading King's Counsel being dispensed with, together with the procession in public from Poets' Corner to the House of Lords. Instead, the Judges drove direct from the Abbey service to the Law Courts. The Lord Chancellor (Lord Buckmaster), in his gold-embroidered

robes of state, led, and he is seen above entering the precincts of the Courts with his Mace-bearer and the bearer of the Great Seal in its elaborately embroidered satchel. One of the most observed of all the legal notabilities was Sir F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P. Lieutenant-Colonel of Oxfordshire Yeomanry, the Solicitor-General under the Coalition Government.—[Photographs by Alfieri and Illustrations Bureau.]

OUR SPECIAL FASHION PAGE.



ZEPP. NIGHTIES ; OR, ROBES FOR RAIDS : THIS SEASON'S NOVELTY !

DRAWN BY C. E. PETO.

A FEELING STUDY.



VOICES IN THE DARK—IN LONDON BY NIGHT: "Sorry!" "Why can't you look where you're going?"
"'Erb, where are you?" "Is that you, George dear?"



SOUND VALUE

THE TRUE VALUE OF ANYTHING IS MEASURED BY THE SATISFACTION IT BESTOWS IN RELATION TO THE SACRIFICE IT DEMANDS.

The public too often confuses value with price. Price is only one of the two factors that determine value. The other—the worth of the goods offered.

The real worth of cotton fabrics is measured by their actual resistance to wear or wash, and their permanency of finish. It is impossible for the public to determine these qualities except by actual service or by certain identification and positive guarantee. That is why Tootals inaugurated their famous policy of selvedge-marking, or otherwise branding their wide range of superior products, listed on this page, and of guaranteeing their real worth.

By thus enabling the public instantly to identify any of these guaranteed lines on any draper's counter, all risk of unsound material, finish or dye is eliminated, and permanent satisfaction assured.

THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE HAS BEHIND IT ALL THE FORCE OF
THE TOOTAL REPUTATION.

TOOTAL GUARANTEED COTTON FABRICS

SOLD BY HIGH-CLASS
DRAPERS & OUTFITTERS.

TOOTAL CLOTH, the new Tootal Guaranteed Velvet Fabric, light and suitable for the fashionable full skirt. For Autumn and Winter Costumes and Children's wear. Rich colors that will not rub off. Fast Pile. Extra width—27 inches, 2/6 Corded, 3/6 Plain.

TARANTULLE: For Dainty Home-sewn Lingerie and Baby-wear. In three weights—40 inches wide.

LISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS for ladies. Dainty exquisite self-white and indelible color border designs.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS for men. Correct self-white and exclusive indelible color border designs.

TOOTAL SHIRTINGS for men and women.

TOBALCO: A silky wash dress fabric. **TOOTAL PIQUE**: Soft and supple. 43/44 inches wide.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE Co. Ltd., MANCHESTER.

LONDON, 132, Cheapside, E.C. PARIS, 42, Rue des Jeuneurs; NEW YORK, 387, 4th Avenue; TORONTO, 726, Empire Buildings; MONTREAL, 45, St. Alexander Street.

OVERSEAS AGENTS:
AUSTRALASIA: MELBOURNE, Stogdale & Sons, Pty. Ltd., Finks Buildings. SYDNEY, Stogdale & Sons, Pty. Ltd., York Street.

NEW ZEALAND: WELLINGTON, J. Gruar & Co., 69, Victoria Street.
SOUTH AFRICA: CAPE TOWN, West & Robinson, P.O. Box 520; JOHANNESBURG, Transvaal, West & Robinson, P.O. Box 2805.

A DAILY WAIL.



O'SHAUGHNESSY: Whin the war's over it's conscription we'll be havin', I'm thinkin'.

O'BLEARY: Sure—there'll no be conscription; but we'll all of us be forced to be volunteers.



BY CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Furs and the Woman. Furs, frills, and feathers are three things popularly supposed to occupy a prominent place in women's affections, but just now furs have it all their own way. For though autumn weather does not always depend on the calendar, the chill winds which herald the approach of winter have lately made themselves uncomfortably felt, and with a shiver of regret woman realises that light wraps must be definitely put aside and cold-resisting ones substituted for them. Like a loyal daughter of Eve, her first thought is a fur coat. Not that heredity is alone in the matter—it is only fair to give the furrier his due. There never was a time when his art was nearer perfection, or his goods so irresistible to cold womanhood. And as to the eternal attraction of fur, woman could truthfully adapt Omar and say, "I often wonder what the furrier buys one half so precious as the thing he sells."

Cheap but Comely. Seriously, to the feminine portion of the community, or at any rate that portion of it which is free from an eccentric affection for "vegetable" furs rather than the real thing, the furrier is a benefactor, whether he be actuated

by philanthropy or the commercial instinct. Has he not put a fur coat within the reach of almost every woman? Nothing is more striking to middle-aged people than the extent to which the fur coat—once the sign of a certain degree of worldly position—has become a common luxury. The best furs, of course, are still expensive, but there are many cheap furs which have the inestimable advantage of not looking cheap. Some of the pelts now employed would probably have been contemptuously described as "rat" or "rabbit" by a generation whose standard of worth was measured by sealskin or ermine; but it does not prevent them from being made into enchanting garments, and—even more important in these days—moderately priced ones. And that is a great consideration when Mr. McKenna's determined attack on the household exchequer has filled women with alarm, more especially as they are by no means sure that other and more ruthless attacks will not be made. Hats have escaped by a miracle, but it would not be so difficult to define a fur coat.

The Economy of Fur.

Properly regarded, however, a fur coat is not an extravagance, but an economical investment. At least, it makes possible the practice of economy in other directions. The distinction between summer and winter frocks is a very fine one these days—so fine as to be almost invisible. Wherefore a fur coat does away with the necessity for two or three new gowns; does away, too, with the need for a new evening wrap, whose place it very capably fills. For we do still go out sometimes at night, if only to get a little relief from the strain of anxiety concerning those serving on one or other of the many "fronts," to say nothing of the

joyful excursions undertaken in their company if and when they happen to be "home" on leave. From all of which it will be seen that, if only for its general-purposes applicability, a fur coat is an item that should be included in every woman's wardrobe.

The Importance of Line.

The amazing variety of fur fashions can be very profitably studied at the International Fur Store in Regent Street. Here you learn that flutes, flares, and frills are characteristics by no means confined to frocks only, and that "line" is as important in peltry as in any other department of dress. You will find, too, that fox of all kinds is enjoying high popularity this season; that natural, dyed, or seal musquash runs it very close in favour; and that

the house can provide sable and ermine for those still able to provide themselves with these luxuries. Dolores has sketched a long coat which, style apart, is interesting as a new departure in fur-work. It is carried out in musquash, but musquash so dyed as to resemble Russian sable—a becoming illusion heightened by the fact that the skins are "worked" to give the long effect usually noticeable in the treatment of that fur. Another coat in seal musquash flowed out towards the hem, the effect of width being achieved by a clever treatment of the gores. It was collared to the ears in natural raccoon, with cuffs to match.

A Cape with Sleeves.

But not everyone can stand length, and short coats have plenty of patrons. The entirely new garment sketched on this page is brief, straight, and full, is distinctly Victorian in inspiration, and were it not for the sleeves, would be a cape pure and simple. Seal musquash provides the body; dyed Kolinsky sable edges the fluted hem, supplies the collar, and outlines the pockets inserted for warmth in front.

The Comforting Collar.

A fur "feature" this season is a collar which, like most collars, is an aspiring affair. It fits high and close round the neck, and is fastened in front with a single button, and decorated with a posy, or ribbon streamers, or both. Dolores shows it here in company with a barrel muff. Both are executed in the universally popular natural skunk; and the Russian hat, which accords so well with it, is edged with the same fur. This fur collar, by the way, though it has by no means ousted the stole, often does substitute for it, particularly just now, when winter's worst rigours are still things of the future.



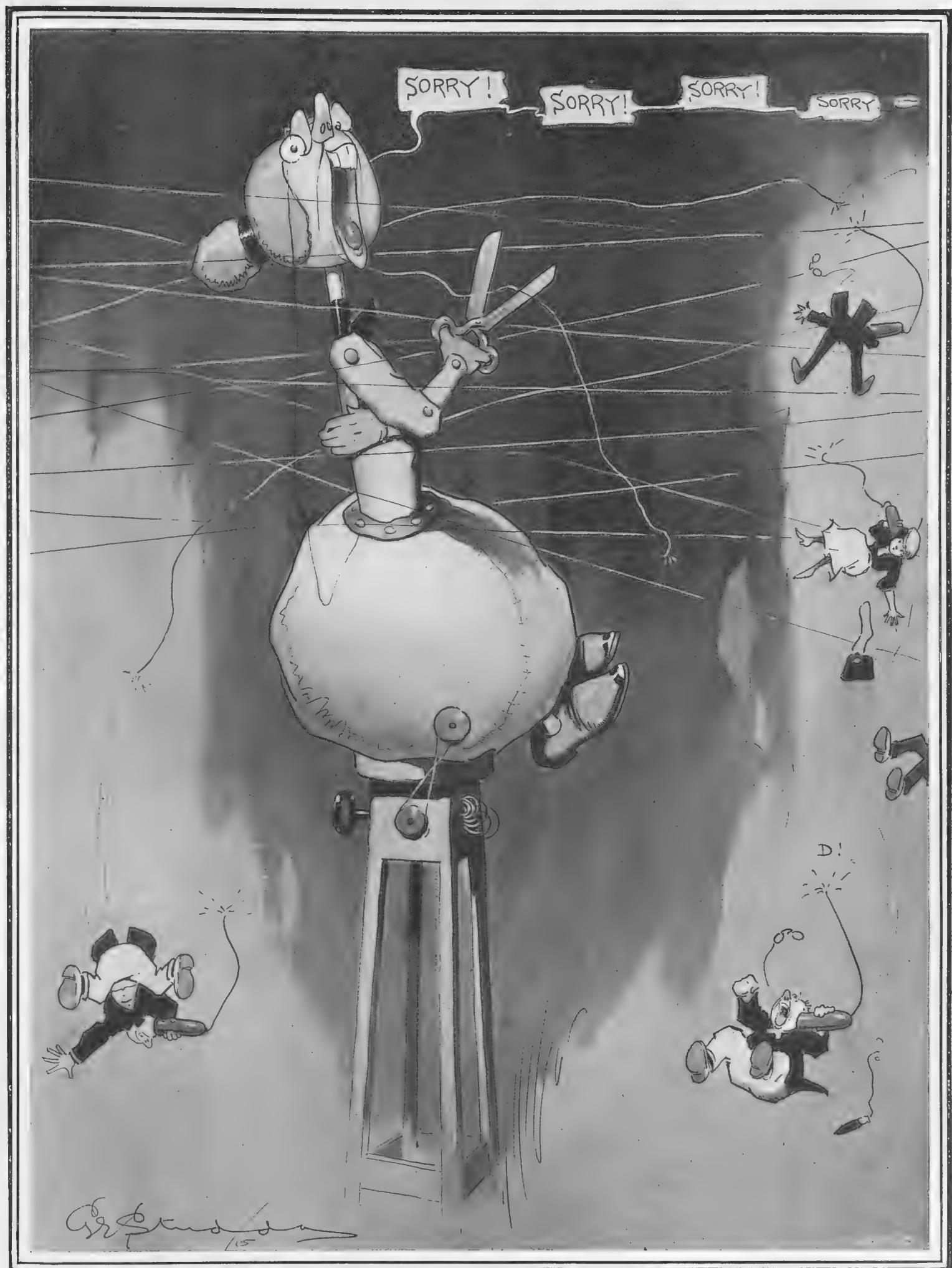
Brief, straight, and full, this short coat is distinctly Victorian in inspiration.



A long coat carried out in musquash, but musquash so dyed as to resemble Russian sable.



A fur "feature" this season is a collar which, like most collars, is an aspiring affair, decorated with a posy or ribbon streamers, or both. It is seen in company with a barrel muff.

People who Ought to be Strafed.

IV.—THE PERSON (OR THING) WHO CUTS US OFF WHEN WE ARE AT THE TELEPHONE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE SNIPER.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

WE CAN OFTEN NAME THE GERMAN SOLDIER WHO SHOT YOUR HUSBAND, BROTHER, OR SON. WE GIVE FULLER DETAILS THAN THE WAR OFFICE. OUR SYSTEM IS PURELY SCIENTIFIC. IT IS THE RESULT OF A SPECIALISED AND FAR-REACHING INQUIRY SERVICE.

IT was a bold advertisement and occupied half the window-space of the A.O. International Questions Bureau. Pedestrians sometimes halted with a jerk to read it. Men and women with sons and relatives fighting in Flanders passed on, wondering whether such claims were genuine or merely the effusions of commission-hunting charlatans.

"It wouldn't be hard for them to tell us more than the War Office," a man stated huskily. "All the same, I don't think any institution can live up to that Press notice. It beats Sherlock Holmes to a frazzle!"

At the end of a white-panelled corridor, in one of the Bureau's most daintily furnished chambers, sat Cayley Troop, Chief of the Questions Department. The top of Troop's head was pink and bald; his eyes were narrow at the points as though the blinding light of his discoveries had pinched them. Clients learned to regard him as a kind of human eagle chained to a desk. The professional glitter in his eye was more convincing than the office window advertisement. And the sheep-faced inquirer who entered to consult him about a missing brother or son at the front was soon at his ease regarding Troop's knowledge of German brigades and units, his almost occult powers of divining impenetrable secrets.

A pale, overworked secretary appeared in the doorway and coughed to attract his attention. "Mrs. Lorimer has just called, Sir," he announced. "May I show her in?"

Troop looked up from his desk and pondered swiftly. The name Lorimer was familiar. Her case had interested him. Six months before, her husband, Noel Lorimer, had gone to the front as a member of the Army Medical Corps. He had been shot by a German sniper at a farmhouse near La Vendée. Troop had noted a look of horror in the young widow's eye at the way her husband had been picked off while rendering aid to the wounded and dying. Pretty women always impressed Troop, especially in their moments of grief and despair. He knew that many of these young widows would cheerfully shoot at sight the slayers of their husbands.

He had consoled her, but while stressing the difficulty of dealing with the enemy's hired assassins, had assured her that even a commissioned sniper in the German Army was not beyond reckoning with. He had invited her to call again.

He nodded to the secretary, and a few moments later the widow of Noel Lorimer was seated before him. She was not more than twenty, with a touch of the Spaniard in her slow, burning eyes. Each movement conveyed something of the suave beauty of her supple young body. Yet, despite her charm of gesture and speech, Troop diagnosed a mutinous anger against the sniper of La Vendée.

"My coming here may seem childish, Mr. Troop," she began somewhat passionately. "I can think of nothing but the miscreant who could shoot a defenceless man striving to aid the wounded and maimed!"

Troop inclined sympathetically, then, very slowly, opened a letter with a Belgian postmark. He read it pensively while the silence of Infinity seemed to leap between them. After a while he spoke, and his words were like a sword-cut.

"The sniper who shot your husband is in England, Mrs. Lorimer! I may add that he is employed at the present moment in this city!"

She stood up, swaying slightly against the chair, the red signals from her heart flashing in her cheeks. "Do you mean that he is a prisoner?" she demanded.

The bald pink head shook. "He is a free man, Mrs. Lorimer. After the fall of Antwerp, he deserted the German Army and came here in the guise of a Belgian refugee. At present he is known as Auguste Wiegand. His real name is Louis Brandenberg. He belonged to the 57th Bavarian regiment stationed at La Vendée. Being an excellent shot, he volunteered to take up a position near an old farmhouse at St. Meuve. It was from this hiding-place that he picked off your husband!"

The slow fire in Beatrice Lorimer's eyes seemed to darken and blaze. "What is Brandenberg doing in this country?" she demanded.

Troop's answer was short-clipped and precise. "He is a waiter. Do you want the name of his hotel?"

The blood-red of her cheeks grew ashen. For an instant he thought she would collapse. Then: "There must be no mistake about this sniper's identity, Mr. Troop. What proof have you that he is the man who shot my husband?"

Troop's face seemed to recede and then dart towards his questioner. "After shooting your husband, Brandenberg descended from his hiding-place and stole his note-book. I believe that this note-book is still in his possession. There is no doubt whatever concerning the fellow's identity. Do you want his address?"

"I do!" Her whole being seemed to vibrate in her pent-up anger against the privileged assassin who had taken her husband's life. "If Noel had been a soldier carrying arms, I could have borne no enmity. He was murdered while succouring the dying. And this miscreant Brandenberg is permitted to—to—"

"Go to the authorities if you will," Troop interrupted gently. "But your case may be difficult to prove, although I, as director of this institution, am positive that he is the sniper of La Vendée!"

"I shall not go to the authorities. They will allow him to escape. Give me the name of Brandenberg's hotel. I shall not trouble you further."

Troop coughed and allowed an unbirdlike smile to soften his eagle expression. "We have been to some expense in this matter, Mrs. Lorimer. You will readily understand—"

"How much?" she interrupted.

The unbirdlike smile vanished, and the eagle eyes explored the expensive jewellery about her wrists and throat, the diamonds peeping at him in clusters from the necklace she wore. "Let us say two hundred guineas, Mrs. Lorimer, and you shall have the pleasure of meeting the sniper who put a bullet through your husband's heart!"

She took a cheque-book from her pocket, filled in the amount with a pen from the desk, and passed it to him.

Troop glanced at the signature as he thrust it carelessly into a drawer, then drew an envelope from a near pigeon-hole. On it was written—

AUGUSTE WIEGAND,

Hotel : Mazarin,

Piccadilly.

II.

Beatrice Lorimer entered the Hotel Mazarin like a priestess ascending an altar steps. A watchful attendant hurried near to inquire her wants and to assure her that the excellent service of the hotel was at her disposal.

She followed him to a small private dining-room, where a mirror above the oak mantelpiece showed the faint scarlet of her

(Continued overleaf)

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

A Great Factor in Food Economy.

Pure, full-cream milk enriched with all the nutritive extracts of selected malted barley and wheat in powder form. Every particle is wholesome nourishment, it keeps indefinitely, and there is absolutely no waste. The addition of hot or cold water instantly forms a delicious food beverage so highly nutritious and so easily digested that it advantageously replaces heavier items of diet which require more digestive effort, yet at the same time it supplies fuller nutritive value. It is therefore economical in all respects and suits all ages.

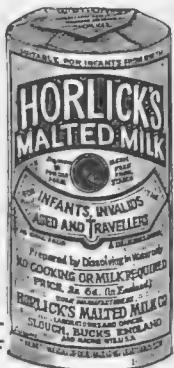
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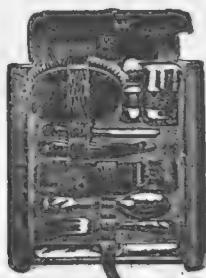
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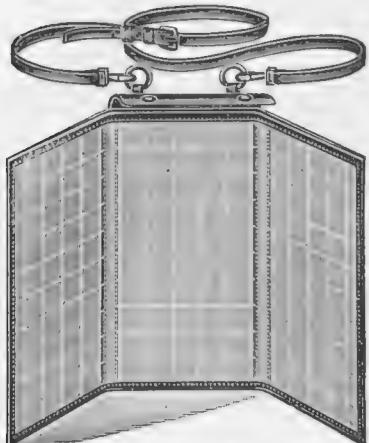
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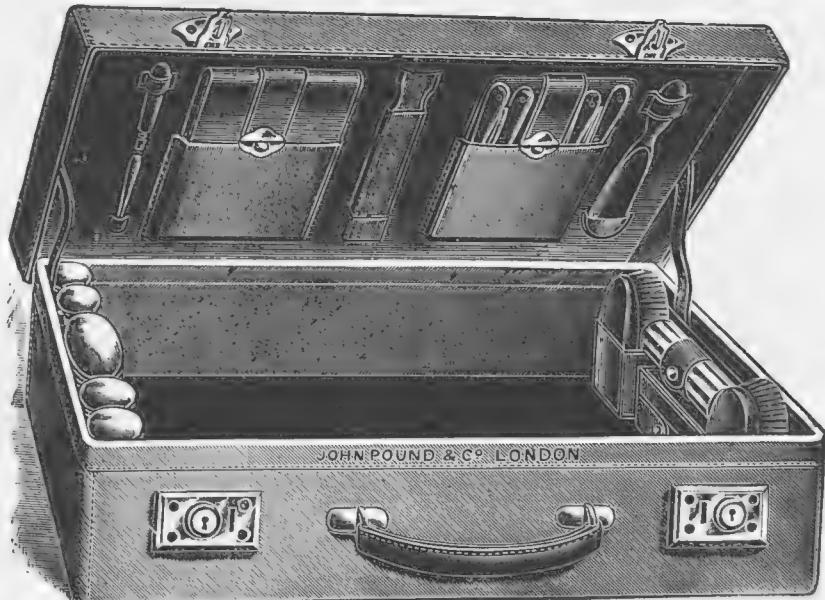
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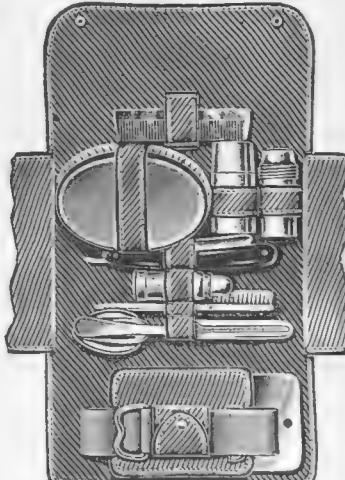
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cheeks, the almost ghostly brilliance of her eyes. Almost mechanically she sat at the little table, while the attendant vanished to announce her coming. For several moments she permitted her fiercely imaginative mind to re-picture Noel lying face down in the wheel-rutted road near the farmhouse at St. Meuve, blood oozing from the bullet-hole in his breast. There came to her, also, a swift and terrible picture of the German sniper, Brandenberg, a white-skinned, thick-lipped beast crouching in the clump of pines at the rear of the farm. She saw him approach Noel's supine figure with plundering hands, saw him place his still smoking rifle on the ground to allow a quick search of the victim's pockets, and then a stealthy and rapid return to the pine-shelter.

She was suddenly conscious of a waiter standing beside her chair, of a gilt-edged menu held near for her consideration. For ten seconds she considered it with unseeing eyes, then slowly, very slowly, looked up into the *garçon's* face.

"What is your name?" she inquired steadily.

A wan smile creased his pallid features. His reply was soft and scarce audible: "Jacques Monier, Mademoiselle. I am at your service."

Her eyes fell again to the gilt-edged menu. "There is a waiter here named Wiegand. He is a Belgian, if I remember rightly. May I see him?"

Again the wan smile that reminded her of a Chinese mask; and again the terrible silence that left her stark still in her chair, with only the trumpet-call of her mission stirring her brain to life. Then, after ages it seemed, the door opened. A soft footstep fell near her chair. She did not look up because he was speaking.

"Mademoiselle has sent for me. How may I serve Mademoiselle?" He moved round the table and stood before her, a wine-napkin outspread on his left arm. He was not more than eighteen, with blonde eyes and the face of a child. She looked at him again, wonder and doubt striving in her until her sobbing heart seemed to leap and suffocate.

"Your name is Louis Brandenberg," she found voice to say. "You are a deserter from the German Army!"

In a flash the waiter's pose had gone. He was standing erect, eyes illumined, head flung back. Then for an instant the childish softness returned to his face. A round German tear welled in his blonde eyes.

"Mademoiselle, spare me! If I am caught these English will shoot me. Have pity, Mademoiselle!"

Her hand became clenched on the table. She had another flying picture of Noel lying in the wheel-rutted track near the farmhouse. "You shot my husband at a place called La Vendée. It was on the twentieth of September. He was attached to the Medical Corps. You will understand that I have taken some trouble to find you."

He stared round-eyed at her, and his Teutonic dismay left him slack-lipped and gasping a little. A sudden gleam of understanding lit his eyes; the slack lips grew suddenly tense.

"Madame, you overwhelm me! I was at La Vendée on the date you mention. I also shot a Red Cross officer named Lorimer!"

"You coward!"

He flinched as though naked steel had touched him, but it was the action of one unafraid of the steel. "Madame, I crave your pity and forgiveness!"

"You did not spare the seeker of the wounded and the dead!" she taunted. "From your coward's hiding-place you picked off the doctors, the nurses, and the dying!"

Again he flinched, but the serenity of the unruffled child returned to his brow. "Madame, I found your husband's grave the day after they brought him in. Some day you will see the little white cross I put there. "Some day," he went on with difficulty, "you may see another grave near by. It also has a white cross. It marks the resting-place of Marie Brandenberg, my little Alsatian wife who lived with the Santons at the farmhouse at St. Meuve. We had been married a year. The war called me away, and Marie went to live with the Santons. My regiment moved here and there until it brought me to La Vendée, and only a little way over the hills was the Santons' farm at St. Meuve. My heart was full of joy at the thought of seeing Marie again!"

He paused at the sound of footsteps in the passage outside, as though in fear of being disturbed. After they had gone he continued, speaking in a sharp undertone. "When the French and English closed round the farm the people of the district fled. Marie stayed because she knew that I was at La Vendée, and because the Santons knew that the French would not molest them. It was here Marie met your husband, Madame!"

"Go on." Beatrice Lorimer had grown ashen.

The blue of his eyes seemed to harden, although the boyish tremor still stayed in his voice. "He used to go to the farmhouse for fruit at first; and the Santons gave him flowers for the hospital and fresh milk for the wounded soldiers. Then your husband began to see Marie and write her letters. They used to walk together in the woods when he could steal an hour from his work. I was in the first line of trenches, beyond La Vendée, at the time. My corporal gave me word of Marie occasionally. One day he asked if I would like to do some sniping near the farm. I told him I would go. Well, Madame"—he hesitated again, while his right hand went

to his inner breast-pocket with military suddenness—"we have Marie Brandenberg's letters to Noel Lorimer, of the Army Medical Corps. I got them from him after I had killed him! You may read them at your leisure, Madame!"

He cast a small war-soiled packet of letters on the table before her.

There was a silence in which he seemed to hear the loud beating of her heart. Her hand moved to the packet; then, as if overcome by nausea, thrust them aside.

He nodded. But it was Beatrice who spoke first. "You judged them guilty," was all she said.

It was a long time before he answered. His breath came through his tight-shut teeth, his head was bent, his chest heaved. "Some day, Madame, you will read those letters. I pray you, have pity on the two people they concern—I pray you, have pity on them and me. They said he was married to a wife in England and I could not understand why such a man should steal my love from me—the love that cried like a little child in my heart when I shot her in the woods at La Vendée!"

Beatrice stood up, shaken to her depths. In the doorway she turned and looked back at his sobbing shoulders. "God forgive you!" she said, and almost ran from the hotel corridor into the street.

Here the hot sunlight stayed on her cheek and cleared her throbbing senses. It was some time before she recovered herself. With half-seeing eyes, she hailed a taxi and drove to Scotland Yard.

Arriving there, she was shown into a square, high-windowed apartment where sat the Chief Superintendent of Police. He looked up with a curious smile of recognition as she entered. Pushing aside some papers, he indicated a chair briefly.

"I had almost forgotten your case, Miss Lorimer," he said genially. "It's almost a month since you reported last. Do you like your work?"

"Immensely, Sir. I have been engaged on the Troop case, if you remember?"

He regarded her flushed young face with almost fatherly concern, his brow creasing in his effort to recall her case more clearly. Each hour brought dozens of more or less interesting problems to be solved, and sometimes the issues were confusing.

"The Troop gang have given us trouble," he stated pensively. "If I remember rightly, you undertook to impersonate a widow whose husband had been shot by a German sniper. You invented a story and took it to the A.O. International Questions Bureau. Troop decided to put you in touch with the sniper who sniped your non-existent husband. Did he?"

Beatrice nodded. "They found an actor, Sir, who gave adequate reasons for sniping a husband I did not possess. And Troop took my cheque for two hundred guineas."

Very briefly she related what had happened, while the old Chief lay back in his chair, tight-browed but inwardly chuckling. "Excellent, excellent!" he broke out when she had finished. "This Louis Brandenberg is evidently an artist at the game. We are now in a position to gaol the whole crowd for fraud!"

Beatrice was thinking of the sobbing shoulders, the childlike eyes of the boy-impostor whose acting was touched by the salt of inward tears. She was thinking of the two graves at La Vendée, of the little Alsatian wife Marie who never existed. The voice of the Chief dispelled her mental pictures . . .

"We'd better arrest Troop at once, Miss Lorimer. It will mean five years for him and this Louis Brandenberg. I congratulate you. This is your first scoop since you became attached to the Criminal Investigation Department. Keep it up. We need ladies of your imaginative powers. Go home and rest. You will hear from me this evening."

Beatrice returned to her little flat in South Kensington, a feeling of weariness and depression overcoming her after her morning's work. It had all seemed so real, so convincing. But the Chief had said her work was good, so nothing else mattered.

Beatrice had few friends in life. Although her parents had left her comfortably provided, her restless nature craved for work out of the beaten track. She had gone to the Chief of Police with a burning desire to distinguish herself in the hunting down of criminals. The old Chief had been very patient, and had assigned her one or two unimportant missions connected with women and children. Her entry into the Troop case had revealed an amazing fraud.

Late that evening Troop was arrested. Brandenberg was nowhere to be found. A fortnight later, the disgusted Chief received the following note from Beatrice Lorimer—

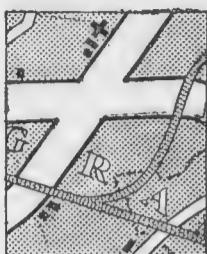
DEAR SIR—I beg to resign my post as a member of the C.I.D. The work is really too trying for my nerves. Let me add another confession of feminine weakness. The artistic side of Louis Brandenberg's nature has impressed me. He is not a criminal. He is merely a brilliant young actor fallen among thieves. His real name is Mandison. I can vouch for him becoming a useful member of society in future. We were married at a registry-office on Thursday last.

BEATRICE LORIMER.

"Damn!" muttered the Chief under his breath. "I've lost the only real genius that ever entered the Department!"

THE END.

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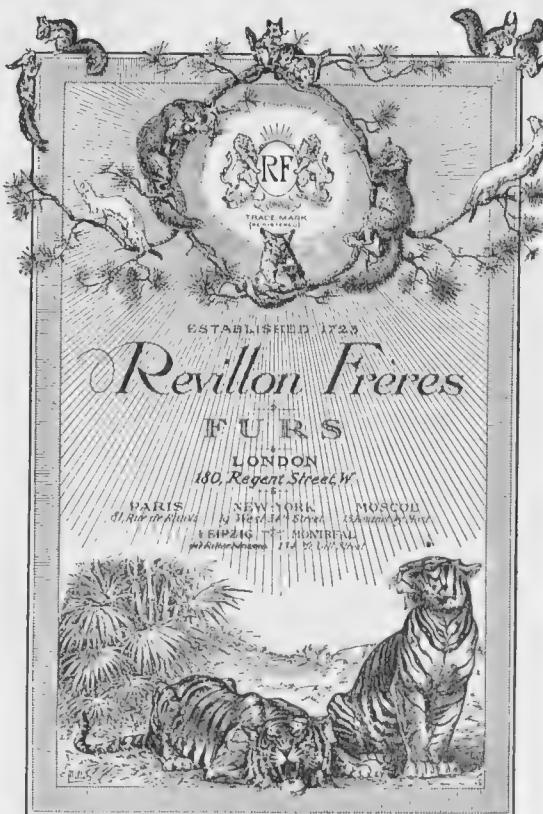
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WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Tragedy in a Tall Hat. To some of us the spectacle of a young man with haunted eyes, hobbling along Bond Street on crutches, and attired in elegant morning dress, is infinitely more tragic than the sight of a lame man in uniform. With khaki and stars we associate deeds of terror and glory; but what, we ask, have that shining hat and that exquisite neck-tie to do with wounds and shattered limbs? They suggest only the pavements of Pall Mall, and not the *pavés* of Flanders. We connect him, and his appearance, with little luncheons at the club and Private Views of pictures. That hat and tie used to appear at tea-time; as, indeed, they do now, with the pathos of a bandaged and be-slinged arm. The ultra-smart restaurants are full of these figures. Some of them you hear talking, cheerily enough, of the big Advance; others are measuring, to a nicety, the length of time which must elapse before they are patched up enough to go "out again." The British regular officer has a mania for getting out of his uniform on all occasions, but when he is badly wounded he presents a startling appearance, attired *en périn*, and eating muffins with adorable ladies dressed in the fashions of the hour.

The Girls Must Go. It is already clear that England, after the war, will be a somewhat dreary waste for English girls, especially those of the middle and upper classes. The best boys—best in every sense—will be killed or maimed for life, and the girls, already too numerous, will find themselves without partners for life, or even for a ball. Yet there they are, a whole generation of healthy, charming, and active young creatures. At present they are washing and scrubbing in hospitals, driving motor-cars, making munitions, directing work-rooms. They are too busy to think, but none of their elders can ignore the fate in store for them. Take them all round, they are the finest young girls the world can produce, and it would be criminal to waste such lives as these. Desperate remedies will be demanded for the parlous state of affairs we can see ahead. After the waste of the Peloponnesian Wars, the Greeks introduced polygamy, so that even Socrates, who was already plagued by Xantippe, added to his marital joys by introducing a second wife to his hearth. She must have had a delightful time, what with the arguing of Socrates and the vituperation of Xantippe. However, the Grundys will see to it that such drastic measures are not introduced into these islands. There remain the Dominions beyond the Seas, and it is there that the English girl—and Scottish, Irish, and Welsh, as well—must find her future and help to raise that truly Imperial race which is not merely a dream to those who can think broadly and see clearly. For just as the war of 1870 made the German Empire and consolidated Kaiser Wilhelm the First's position, so will the Great War, terminated victoriously, mark the foundation of a great, consolidated British-Indian Empire. And in that Empire there will be room, and opportunity, for even the youngest schoolgirls of to-day.

The Chic of Dowdiness. For the first time in the memory of living woman it is essentially *chic* to be dowdy, to wear last year's fashions, and hats which appear to have been severely sat upon. Ladies who have joined Leagues against Luxury eye each other's frocks with deep suspicion, and you shall see a leader of Society breathlessly assuring another that the ribbon on her hat has been "turned," and that her skirt has had two breadths added by her maid. I am bound to say this economy is mostly to be found in high places and among the very rich. Humbled folk simply cannot afford to look poverty-stricken, which has become almost a luxury in itself.



AN OLD FAVOURITE IN A NEW GUISE: MISS EDNA MAY
(MRS. OSCAR LEWISON).

Photograph by Bain News Service.

The Distribution of Sexes.

When Henri Fabre died a few days ago, at a patriarchal age, there passed away not only a world-famous entomologist, but a great writer. It is a question, indeed, whether any other man has so combined exceeding patience in observation and exceptional knowledge with literary grace and freedom of expression. "Bramble-Bees and Others" is one more proof of Fabre's unique position: nothing could be more fascinating, more human, more informative. The work is full of wonders. Take but a point or two, remembering not only the remarkable provisions of Nature, but the skill of him who watched. The most astounding chapter, perhaps, is that entitled "The Mother Decides the Sex of the Egg." The Mason-bee of the Pebbles concerns us first. Frequently she uses old nests; but "an old nest is hardly ever capable of containing the Mason-bee's entire laying, which calls for some fifteen apartments. The number of rooms at her disposal is most unequal, but always very small. . . . Four or five cells, sometimes two, or even one—that is what the mason usually finds in a nest that is not her own work . . . Now,

how are the sexes distributed in those layings which are necessarily broken up between one old nest and another?"

The Mother Decides the Sex.

Here is the answer. "They are

distributed in such a way as utterly to upset the idea of an invariable succession first of females and then of males, the idea which occurs to us on examining new nests. If this rule were a constant one, we should be bound to find in the old domes at one time only females, at another only males, according as the laying was at its first or at its second stage. The simultaneous presence of the two sexes would then correspond with the transition period between one stage and the next, and should be very unusual. On the contrary, it is very common; and, however few cells there may be, we always find both females and males in the old nests, on the sole condition that the compartments have the regulation holding capacity—a large capacity for the females, a lesser for the males." Curiouser and curioser, as Alice would have said. To continue: "The Mason-bee has before her, let me suppose, only five vacant cells: two larger and three smaller. The total space at her disposal would do for about a third of the laying. Well, in the two large cells she puts females; in the three small cells she puts males. As we find the same sort of thing in all the old nests, we must needs admit that the mother knows the sex of the egg which she is going to lay, because that egg is placed in a cell of the proper capacity.

We can go further, and admit that the mother alters the order of succession of the sexes at her pleasure, because her layings, between an old nest and another, are broken up into small groups of males and females according to the exigencies of space in the actual nest which she happens to be occupying. . . . She . . . decides the sex of the egg at will, for, without this prerogative, she could not, in the chambers of the nest which she owes to chance, deposit unerringly the sex for which those chambers were originally built."

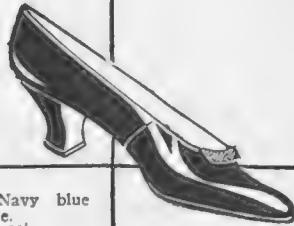
Instinct and Discernment.

What of this is instinct, what discernment?

"In insect mentality, we have to distinguish two very different domains. One of these is *instinct* properly so called, the unconscious impulse that presides over the most wonderful part of what the creature achieves. . . . It is instinct and instinct alone that makes the mother build for a family which she will never see . . . that instigates, in fine, a host of actions wherein shrewd reason and consummate science would have their part. . . . A guide is needed to seek, accept, refuse, and select. . . . I will call it *discernment*. The insect . . . discerns."

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A NOTE by GISELE.**

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New Navy blue
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TEA FROCK**

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The value of this frock is quite exceptional.

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An elegant Coat
of fine quality Seal
Musquash, with
Collar and Cuffs
of Natural
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rich-coloured
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The following are further examples of the exceptional value offered :

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

**A Nobleman at
Noble Work.**

Viscount Charlemont considers himself a very lucky man to have got a job at Woolwich at 25s. a week. He has to be there at 8 a.m., and leaves at 8.30 p.m. Piece-work helps; so far he has never had less than £1 15s., and has earned as much as £3 10s. Lord Charlemont does not really count as unskilled labour, because he had some previous knowledge of metal-turning. Gentlemen, labourers, tradesmen, chauffeurs, grooms, and gardeners are included in the workers in his shop, and all turn out about double the work expected of them. Hard on the hands he finds his job, for the shells are heavy, sharp, and often nearly red-hot, so that burns, cuts, and crushed nails are frequent experiences. Beginning with 30 shells a day, this working Peer can now do 130 to 150. It will be remembered that last November Lord Charlemont married a daughter of Mr. Hull, of Earlswood Mount, Surrey; and that, despite the war, with its many deterrent influences, the wedding elicited much interest and attracted a considerable congregation of well-known people.

**Compact, Reliable,
Practical.**

These three things must be considered in all things meant for soldiers and sailors. In the splendidly equipped silver department of Harrods a special study has been made of them, with the result that large detachments of our khaki-clad heroes, or heroes in embryo, are there busily buying. Flasks are necessities; but at Harrods' you get them of all shapes and sizes in silver and electroplate, with the cap on a long hinge, so that it opens right back and leaves the opening free for a hurried drink; the prices in plate begin at 6s. 6d. The collapsible drinking-cup in silver or electroplate is another convenience, and is obtainable at from 6s. There is a key-chain, with a two-bladed silver knife, a silver tinder-lighter, and a silver pencil-case containing indelible lead attached; all this for one guinea! There

are knives fitted with all kinds of contrivances for infantry, cavalry, and artillery officers at extraordinarily moderate price, compact, and thoroughly practical, with silver handles. Trench knives, or daggers too—fearsome things to look at, but of great use in the trenches, since the handle fits over the owner's hand, leaving him free use of his fingers. Nurses will appreciate small clocks with illuminated dials, in silver cases. Nothing could be better for a wedding present to a war bride and bridegroom than a silver quaich-shaped ash-tray or bonbonnière—"with best wishes" wrought in the centre in a kind of Celtic design; these cost one guinea. So do very artistic hand-made bonbonnières or ash-trays, with the badge of a regiment in repoussé work at the bottom. Waterproof and damp-proof match-boxes in silver appeal to either soldier or sailor men; and so do match-boxes combined with tinder-lighters, so that if one fails the other acts. Assuredly Harrods have made a study of military and naval requirements in silver and plate, and made it with complete success.

**A Princess of
France.**

The Duc de Montpensier well reminds Ferdinand of Bulgaria how little his present conduct would have pleased his mother, the Princess Clémentine of France, daughter of King Louis Philippe. To her finger-tips she was a Princess of France. Sixteen years ago I saw her Royal Highness (who was then in her eighty-second year—she lived to be ninety) when she journeyed here to be present at the wedding of her niece, Princess Isabelle d'Orléans to the Duc de Guise. She came up the entrance to the little church at the river bank at Kingston-on-Thames, leaning on the arm of her nephew the Duc d'Orléans, looking an old woman. Then one after another Royalist of France knelt and kissed her hand. It was an erect, piercing-eyed, regal lady who graciously acknowledged their loyalty. Her youngest and her best-beloved son is about to fight against her native and her best-beloved country. She had in marked degree the long Bourbon nose, as her son has it, and as the young Duc de Montpensier (Pretender, after his brother the Duc d'Orléans, to the Crown of France, and idol of the French Royalists) has it. The Duc, who is thirty, has sent his cousin a letter which expresses his opinion quite freely, and also encloses some family curses for the renegade which seem quite likely to take effect.

**Comic Opera
After the War.**

When the piping times of peace come again, how we shall sigh for a Sir W. S. Gilbert and a Sir Arthur Sullivan. They never had such beautiful opportunities as will be afforded then. The incensing censor in the hands of Mr. G. G. jun. would be funny; blotting out the important parts of the speech of the newly appointed Head of the Recruiting Department should inspire him to good comic business. But the official censoring is apparently a prime joke in journalistic circles, and its comicalities can only be



CHECKED FASHIONS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

The centre coat is made of emerald-green cloth, with collar, cuffs, and belt in black-and-white checked velvet; the cap is of black panne, edged with white fur, and has a bunch of green berries at the side. On the right is a green-and-blue Scotch plaid coat, with trimmings of green velvet to tone with the colouring; the hat is a small bowler shape with a ribbon bow. The left-hand figure wears a coat of white cloth with a deep sailor collar and band on the skirt of black-and-white checked velours-de-laine. A little skunk fur finishes the neck, and the belt is made of patent leather. A large white felt hat with a black ribbon velvet bow completes this smart little costume.

thoroughly enjoyed when they cease to be serious, which is a paradox that will be understood later.

**Caught in His
Own Trap.**

Her hat was trimmed with gay ribbons neatly arranged in a bow at one side. "Be you recruiting, Miss? I'd like to enlist," said a would-be witty youth. "I am. Come on," said the jaunty lady, and led him a little way, exchanging just the kind of ragging that is dear to the type. At last she espied a recruiting-sergeant, and cleverly keeping her quarry on the unrosetted side, she got the sergeant within hail and told him that the young man wanted to enlist. He had a bad quarter of an hour, that youth, for it was quite the last thing he wanted; but he heard enough outside opinion of himself to keep his facetiousness within him. One to a member of "ours"! Would-be wit can never be trusted to challenge woman-wit and get off unscathed. And the wit of woman has been distinctly sharpened by the war.

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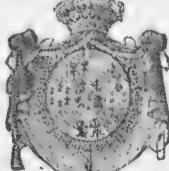
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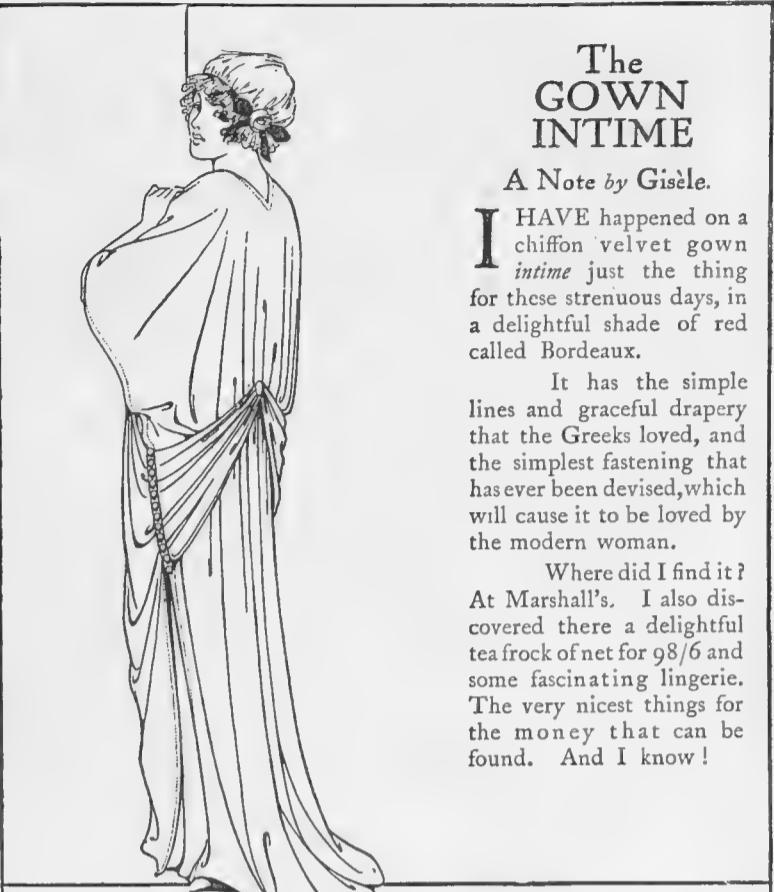
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

WHITENED KERBS : WRONG-SIDED PEDESTRIANS : THE ORIGINAL TRIPLANE INVENTOR

White Kerbstones. So far as it goes, it is all to the good that some of the local authorities of London have begun to act at last upon a suggestion which was made months ago by the Automobile Association, to the effect that kerbstones should be defined more clearly by the use of paint or whitewash. As everyone knows who has the misfortune to be obliged to drive at night, the leading difficulty in the circumstances is to determine where the roadside ends and the kerb begins, and the nearer he gets to the side the more likely is he to collide with pedestrians who have their backs towards the car. Now a whitened kerb is a great help, but the fact remains that there are plenty of roads within the Metropolitan area which have no kerbs at all, and these roads are usually of a kind which, for various reasons, require the maximum possible amount of light. A typical example is Roehampton Lane. Even in broad daylight it is one of the least desirable of thoroughfares, being narrow, tortuous, and adjoined by side-roads, two of which strike in at an angle which ought never to have been permitted. High walls make darkness doubly dangerous at night, but the crowning danger is that, where there is no kerb, there are projecting drain-pipes at short intervals, any one of which, if struck, might damage an axle or take the steering out of the driver's hands and so produce a collision. The road is absolutely out of date in every respect, in view of the amount of traffic it has to carry, and the present lighting regulations, of course, intensify its awkwardness. It will be interesting to note what steps the responsible authorities will take in a matter which grows in importance each succeeding day, for already lighting-up time occurs as early as 5.27 p.m., and will soon be earlier still.

The Duty of Pedestrians. One cannot but marvel at the entire insouciance of those pedestrians who continue to walk along our highways and byways as though motor-cars were still fitted with lamps of full illuminating power. Personally, I find it quite difficult enough to see an approaching vehicle even when I am walking with every sense keenly alert, and can assure non-motoring readers that every driver of a car fully sympathises with the foot-passenger in his present difficulties. All road-users alike are joint sufferers, and need a hundred eyes instead of two. Yet there are some people who not only disdain the footpath when it is there, but even walk along the road on the left side, so that they are proceeding in the same direction as that of overtaking traffic. Apart from the stupidity of this conduct, and its reckless hardihood, one is obliged to point out that it is

a direct encouragement to roughshod driving. In other words, the more quietly and cautiously one goes the more noiseless is one's car, and a pedestrian does not hear it coming until it is virtually at his heels; while, of course, one has not seen him sooner because one's lamps, under existing regulations, have no penetrating power, and can only be seen from the front. On the other hand, if one chose to rush along with a clatter and plenty of horn-blowing, pedestrians would hear one coming before the car was at dangerously close quarters. The situation almost suggests, moreover, the desirability of rescinding the order against the use of "cut-outs." Under ordinary conditions, they are unspeakably objectionable and the sign-manual of the inconsiderate driver; but "circumstances alter cases." Meanwhile, is it too much to ask of pedestrians that, if they must walk in the road instead of on the sidewalk, or if there is no footpath, they will keep on the right-hand side and so be in a position to see any vehicle which may be approaching from the front?



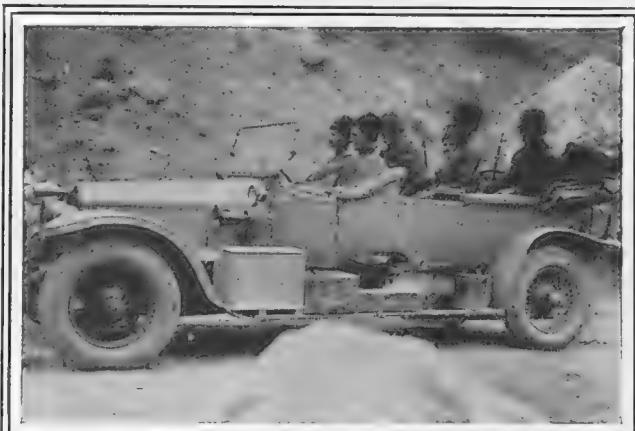
WHERE MACADAM AND WOOD-PAVING ARE NOT: A PERSIAN ROAD UNDER REPAIR.

Describing the roads between Akstafa and Eriwan, Mr. T. W. Stratford Andrews writes: "They were literally covered with loose stones, many of them sharp, yet we came through without the slightest trouble. When the roads are mended, the stones are dumped down at the side, broken *in situ*, and spread over the road—that ends the repair!"



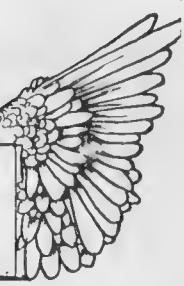
TRAVERSED DURING A MOTOR TOUR NEAR MOUNT ARARAT: A ZIG-ZAG ROAD BETWEEN AKSTAFIA AND ERIAN.

"The climbing was terrific—by far the steepest we had experienced; mile after mile we traced the zig-zag road that led to the top of the range of mountains; we were on first or second gears most of the time, and frequently the hair-pin bends were so sharp that I could not get the car round."



MOTORING IN A "SPHERE OF INFLUENCE": SOME AFKASEN SEATED IN THE CAR DURING ITS OWNER'S TOUR IN PERSIA.

These photographs are reproduced by courtesy of Mr. T. W. Stratford Andrews, from his interesting article, "To Persia by Motor-Car," in the "Austin Advocate." "Several Afkasesen," he writes, "approached the car, and I showed them the fittings.... I availed myself of the opportunity to take their photographs."



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Kingsway, London, W.C.



THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE PRODIGAL SON," which is about seven years younger than "The Christian," shows some progress by the author in the earlier parts—in fact, until Mr. Hall Caine in his characters, or some of them, leaves the Isle of Iceland. When they get to Monte Carlo good sense vanishes, and, unfortunately, they return to the Northern Isle with the influence of the Riviera on them. To the Hall-Caine drama generally one may apply the phrase of a very Northern dramatist, put in the mouth of Judge Brack: "People don't do such things." What a pity that the popular novelist, who has an indisputable impulsive energy, does not possess a keener sense of humour—perhaps, if he did, there would be no Hall Caine. And if there were no Hall Caine, no doubt a great many people would be left lamenting. For certainly his work was to the taste of people at the Aldwych Theatre, who accepted it all without misgiving. Lucky people! Lucky playwright! In the language of the theatre, they simply "ate it," and the humour is that the critics get indigestion without eating. The management has been wise enough to engage a strong company. Mr. Milton Rosmer, as a rule, doesn't "do such things," but nobody would have guessed he had his tongue in his cheek when playing Oscar—I don't quite know where else his tongue could have been. There was an air of sincerity and genuine power in his presentation of Oscar—a name which, unfortunately, persists in reminding playgoers of an ancient French farce. Miss Violet Farebrother struggled bravely with the part of Helga, but over-acted a little at times. Mr. Basil Gill, stately if somewhat sepulchral, was quite effective as the good brother Magnus: by-the-bye, I wonder why anybody is ever a good brother; it seems to be a rotten game. And the good sister was pleasantly rendered by Miss Gladys Purnell; Miss Mary Brough caused a good deal of laughter as the old aunt, originally played, I believe, by Mrs. John Wood.

Of all the "days" upon which appeals to the public have been made in the streets, and in other ways, certainly not one has been on behalf of a more deserving cause than that to which the proceeds of "Our Day," Oct. 21, will be devoted. "Our Day," which is under the patronage of H.M. the Queen and H.M. Queen Alexandra, is being held to commemorate the first anniversary of the amalgamation for war purposes of the British Red Cross Society and the Order

of St. John. It would be superfluous to detail the splendid works of benevolence and mercy which the Allies already owe to these admirable organisations, and it is to be hoped that the flags—to be sold from one penny to any sum that generosity may suggest—and the many other forms of appeal, will produce a very substantial sum. Any information desired will be sent by the Organising Secretary, "Our Day," 10, West Bolton Gardens, S.W., to anyone willing to help in any of the directions in which help may be rendered.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

The Immortal Gymnasts. Marie Cher. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Super-Barbarians. Carlton Dave. 6s. (Bodley Head.)

The Lords of the Fo'c'sle. Morley Roberts. 6s. (Nash.)

The Rose of Youth. Elinor Mordaunt. 6s. (Cassell.)

The Extra Day. Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

A Rip Van Winkle of the Kalahari. Fred C. Cornell. 6s. (Unwin.)

The Bottle Fillers. Edward Noble. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Rainbow. D. H. Lawrence. 6s. (Methuen.)

Gossamer. George A. Birmingham. 6s. (Methuen.)

At the Door of the Gate. Forrest Reid. 6s. (Arnold.)

Eltham House. Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Cassell.)

Collins and Co. Captain Jack Elliott. 6s. (Allen.)

Troubled Tranton. W. E. Norris. 6s. (Constable.)

A Lion, a Mouse, and a Motor-Car. Dorothea Townshend. 6s. (Simpkin.)

The Water Babies. Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. 6s. net (Constable.)

Bill the Minder. W. Heath Robinson. 6s. (Constable.)

The Golden Moment. Anne Topham. 6s. (Methuen.)

More Adventures of an A.D.C. Shelland Bradley. 3s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)

FICTION.—(Continued.)

Little Sir Galahad. Phœbe Gray. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Fantomas. Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Showmen. T. W. H. Crossland. 1s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Quinneys': A Comedy in Four Acts. H. A. Vachell. 1s. net. (Murray.)

Some Frontiers of To-Morrow. L. W. Lyde. 2s. 6d. (Black.)

Forty Years of "Spy." Leslie Ward. 16s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

My Adventures as a Spy. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B. 3s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

Songs for Little People. Norman Gale. 1s. net. (Constable.)

A Child's Day. Walter de la Mare. Illustrated. 2s. net. (Constable.)

The Book of Old English Songs and Ballads. Illustrated in Colour by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

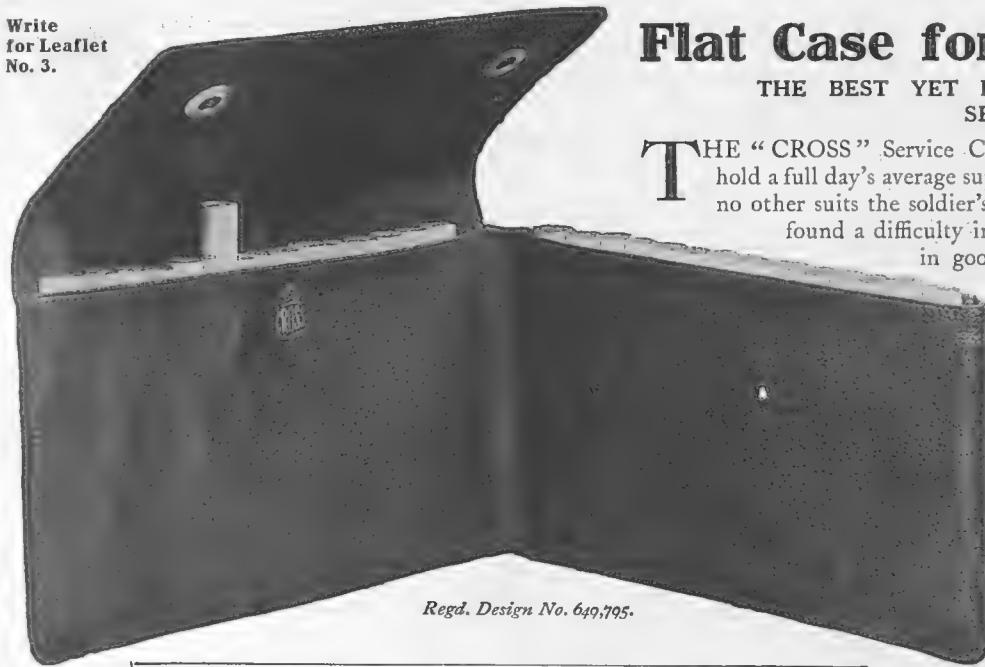
The Rajputs: A Fighting Race. T. S. J. Seesodia. 21s. net. (East and West, Ltd.)

Missionary Knights of the Cross. John C. Lambert, M.A., D.D. 2s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

Songs from the Plays of Shakespeare. Sonnets by Shakespeare. With Initials and Borders Illuminated by Edith A. Ibbs. 1s. net each. (Constable.)

The Honeysuckle. (A Play.) Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated by Cecile Sartoris and Gabrielle Enthoven. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

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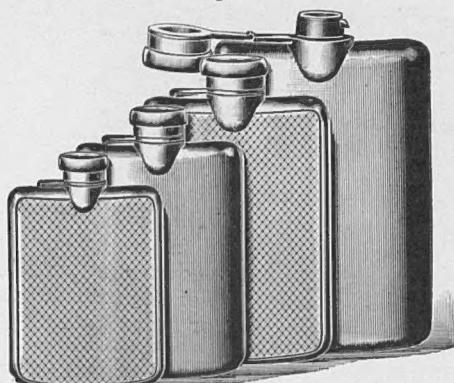
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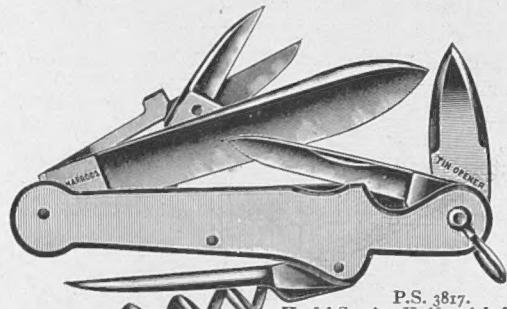


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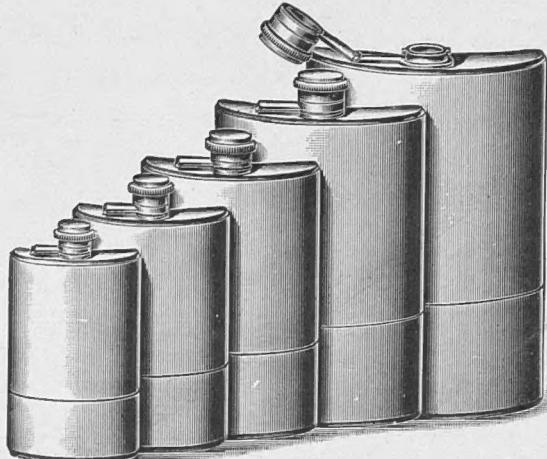


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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Carfrae's Comedy."
By GLADYS PARRISH.
(Heinemann.)

awkwardness," her complete absence of art, suggested to Mr. Carfrae a fascinating leading lady. Though a Catholic, this suggestive heroine had been obliged to divorce her husband. She lived in a convent, but was open to the proposal of the stage. Then she met a man whom she learned to love, which, of course, was sin. Her spiritual struggles enhanced by physical loveliness occupy many chapters. Her lover was not irreproachable; and Carfrae, the exploiting dramatist, building his plot around the woman who was to make his play, succeeds in reproducing her difficulties over the footlights. For ever separated from her lover, she consents to act the wonderful comedy for the sake of her great speech, "I have seen the good in him. . . . It is my mission," she remarked simply, as she accepted the rôle, "to believe the good in him and tell the world."

"The Extra Day." "A masterpiece of mystic speculation"; "the one consummate master of the supernatural"; BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. "not since the days of Poë"; "the streak of genius"; "a rush, a splendour"; "madness of dreams"; "strange loveliness"; "a delicious book"; "a dainty masterpiece." These are just a blossom or two which the Press grows riotously for Mr. Blackwood's publishers every time they publish one of his books. And having thrown that little cluster across this page by way of elegant adornment in the manner of the pretty flourishes round an old manuscript, perhaps it may be permitted to say something a little less fulsome of Mr. Blackwood's work. He has said it himself, in fact, in this very book under review. The indulgent father of the three children who demanded stories from him at bed-time invented hardly, with a desperate ear on the stairs. Nurse might, with luck, be on the way any minute, and the last marvel of his narrative saved from impending fatuity. Children, more severe critics than those pleasant gentlemen who clap hands every time Mr. Blackwood tells them a story—the three children hanging breathless on their father's words felt the painful travail of creation. "He's trying" was their opinion. "The results were unsatisfying, the effect incomplete; the climax of sensation they expected never came. Daddy, though they could not put this into words, possessed fancy only; *imagination was not his.*" The italics are added to the quotation because it declares exactly what one reader has felt in every encounter with Mr.

Let us hope that the comedy was more entertaining than the novel about it! Carfrae wrote it because a devout, simple, and most beautiful woman inspired him with the idea. What one of her several lovers called "her exquisite

Blackwood's mind. Trees may walk the stairs of a country cottage, intrusive and haunting, sand hold fearful possibilities, storm carry new terrors; but at Mr. Blackwood's worst one is always standing tense, waiting to be thrilled. He is never made one with Nature; he flutters in and out about her with a fancy almost devilish in its ingenuity, and it is possible to go out directly after any of his most sinister suggestions, without one *arrière pensée* of Nature plus Mr. Blackwood. And that is why the allusions of cultured reviewers to Poë, to Thomson, to Stevenson are so inappropriate. It is not praising Mr. Blackwood so much as calling attention to what he has not: that magic, almost inexplicable, by which those three contrive to create an atmosphere charged with terror out of a few commonplace words. And having cleared the air of an old grievance, let it be added that this "Extra Day" is a very charming instance of Mr. Blackwood's charming fancy. That idea of all the beauty and pleasure of the universe slipping by us because we never have the time; the image of the railway-carriage window, carrying all things off before they can be enjoyed, and the redeeming idea of the extra day—sacred to divine wonder, the comforting idea of the cult by which it may be an accompaniment of the common day—what could be more delightful for child or for grown-up?

"Off Sandy Hook." This is a moment in which to be grateful to a ready writer who can charm, divert, refresh. BY RICHARD DEHAN. (Heinemann.) Richard Dehan is pre-eminently one of these, and the very form of her latest book is acceptable just now. Very short stories, easily read, and so easy to smile over, whether it is the Second Officer "having" the Pressman with an imitable elephant story as the ship was piloted into New York Harbour, or the aristocratic Freddy finding gold and glory by trimming hats in his Bond Street *atelier*. By the bedside, as a *bonne bouche* to fall asleep with; lying handily within reach for a few empty minutes which might be wasted poring over a war edition of the late afternoon, entirely unsatisfactory as literature or news, "Off Sandy Hook" stories will be perfection. The humour of them is so spontaneous, so warm and cosy. It is as comforting and restful as the fire of the chilly autumn evening, and makes the pleasantest addition to it.

"The Rainbow." This is a closely written book, as long and patiently analytical as a Dostoevsky, to whom it, apparently, owes something of manner, if not of thought, unless the Slav strain in the English yeoman blood of the Brangwens gives rise to the suggestion. It is a family history, generations long. It smells of the earth; it reeks of the flesh. The amours of a series of highly sexed women and strong, virile men are examined under a microscope so

[Continued overleaf.]

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DELICIOUS COFFEE.
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Continued. ruthlessly that the fine detail grows an air of inconsequence, the apparent inconsequence of deep-flowing, passionate life. It is an achievement, whether it is worth while for Mr. Lawrence, or for his reader, is open to question. The pageant of the country, fruitful and teeming, moves solemnly with the classic beauty of a chorus to the hot joys and miseries of humans. Mr. Lawrence can do that quite wonderfully. The ploughing and reaping, the ewes with lamb, the cow's udders, the summer evenings, the winter moons, and constantly a poignant still-life like this: "He was back in his youth, a boy, haunted by the sound of the owls, waking up his brother to speak to him. And his mind drifted away to the birds, their solemn, dignified faces, their flight so soft and broad-winged. And then to the birds his brother had shot, fluffy, dust-coloured heaps of softness with faces absurdly asleep. It was a queer thing, a dead owl." There will be various opinions about "The Rainbow," about its balance, its purpose, even its "niceness," but about its cleverness there can be no doubt.

The Baroness de Forest, Lady Gosselin, Lord and Lady Gerard, and many other co-religionists of Lady Capper's were present at

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17, SHAFTEBURY AVENUE (Corner of Piccadilly Circus), has vacancies for a few more pupils. Work
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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.
The Title-page and Index of Volume Ninety-One (July 7 to September 29, 1915) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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THE
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Revitalising air, bright skies, and highest winter sunshine records.

WEEK-DAY TRAINS TO BRIGHTON HOVE WORTHING	To Brighton from Victoria 9.0, 10.5, 11.0, 11.40 a.m., 1.0 (Sats.), 1.55, 3.10, 3.40, 4.30, 5.35, 6.35, 7.15, 8.35, 9.5, 10.30 p.m. 12.55 midnight; from London Bridge 9.7, 9.50, 10.32, 11.50 a.m., 1.20 (Sats.), 2.0, 4.0, 5.0, 5.56, 7.20, 9.13, 10.30 p.m.
LEWES SEAFORD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.0, 11.15, 11.55 a.m., 1.25, 3.20, 4.30, 5.20, 5.45 (not Sats.), 6.45, 7.45, 9.15 p.m. London Bridge 9.50, 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2.0, 4.15, 5.5, 5.56 (not Sats.), 6.39 (not Sats.), 7.0, 7.39, 9.13 p.m. † Not to Seaford. ‡ To Lewes, Seaford and Eastbourne only. * To Lewes & Eastbourne only.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Trains leave Victoria 8.15, 10.20, 11.25 a.m., 1.42, 3.55, 4.53, 7.15 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.20 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50, 7.15 p.m. * Not to Isle of Wight. H Not to Hayling Island.

Details of Superintendent of Line, L.B. and S.C.R., London Bridge.

the General Capper memorial service in St. Paul's. Looking round at the congregation, an Oratorian might almost have imagined himself in Brompton. The illusion was completed when one heard the clink of rosaries, somewhat furtively used by ladies who had not furnished themselves with the Anglican order of service.

It was inevitable that the war should deplete the ranks of the Parisian *couturiers*, many of whom were experts in the art of dress, but women of taste will be glad to know that inspiration may still be sought with success in the pages of that comprehensive and handsomely produced publication, *Le Style Parisien*. It covers the entire field of dress, and illustrates novelties in colour, showing the very latest styles in costumes and millinery both as regards design, material, and the embroideries which play an important part in dress of the day. From a study of this publication ladies may learn the true art of fashion: the ability to dress each woman according to her personality. The London office of *Le Style Parisien* is at 16, Regent Street, S.W., where copies can be seen and obtained. The cost of the paper is six shillings per copy, and the annual subscription is six guineas.

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